

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## NEWS FROM ASPATRIA

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### THE SPIDER IN THE STORM

#### A Tale of a Web

#### CLEVERNESS OF THE AERIAL ARCHITECT

Garden spiders are busy everywhere with their silken threads, festooning our gardens with perhaps the most wonderful dwellings to be seen in our land, and a reader has been taking notes of the proceedings of one of these gallant little architects.

She set up house toward the end of August, a lean, active creature like a famished tigress. The web proceeded according to instinctive plan—a beauty, covering the upper half of the window, and centred with the nicest accuracy.

For two or three days her demure little lover figured coyly in a corner of the web, conveying love messages to her by pulls on a main line of the snare. Then he disappeared, and she wore that placid, contemplative look common to spiders who are digesting their husbands.

#### Disaster Comes

All went well till the gales came. The web was proof against these till a dried stem from a creeper, over three inches long, was blown into it, like a great steel girder crashing into a house. The web tore and rent, but clung to the intruder, about which it was wound as the wind continued to flog it to and fro.

The disaster terrified the spider, who retreated to her cubbyhole under the mullion. Presently, feeling the web vibrating, as if it had caught a blue-bottle, down she came, to be pulled up short at the gap where the centre had been. She descended charily to the left, and, after obvious deliberation, began to climb slowly upward, releasing the lower end of the twig from the web.

To human fingers the task would have been impossible, for the web would have stuck and clung. But she managed it. Working up and up, she presently came to the thickest part of the stem, which was heavily involved in twisted web.

#### Repairing the Damage

She secured herself by two or three claws, her body pressed against the strand to which they clung. With her remaining claws she suddenly crowded on pressure, and pulled and tugged with such rapidity that she might have been engaged in a boxing match. But every movement was purposeful, and in a short time the watcher, to his astonishment, saw the twig detached from its winding-sheet, and then liberated from its upper attachment, so that suddenly it fell cleanly away and dropped to the ground.

Instantly she began repairs. From the damaged upper part she descended, climbing down one silken beam while she spun out another behind her for a



BECALMED

Continued from column one

distance of some six inches. Attaching the end of this to the desired position, she turned round and, like a monkey climbing a rope, raced up the strand which a second before had been a gummy solution in her own body.

Arrived at the top of the new strand, she crossed to another, leaving a connecting beam as she went; then she turned sideways, gripped with her front claws, and with swings from side to side made two new lateral beams, and half the damage was made good. All the while the wind was tossing her and her web to and fro like some human gymnast swaying amid a maze of flying trapezes. She minded this no more than the gentle

zephyr of a perfect day. Before retiring to rest she had restored the web to three-quarters of its former size. But more twigs undid her day's work.

Winds dropped, sunshine came again, and early in the morning she entirely renewed the web, which this time was drawn away from the centre of the window and more toward the shelter of the overhanging stone mullion. Experience had taught her to modify her plans to meet the unexpected dangers which had descended upon her.

At the time this was written the web was standing up to fierce westerly gales, was clear of intrusive twigs, and its owner had a busy day before her, with 19 mosquitoes caught in its subtle snare.

### Calling His Horse His Own

**B**EFORE the Chief Scout left Australia on his world tour he visited the islands in the Torres Straits, which are set apart for natives only.

Among them is Badu Island, of which Mr E. V. Patterson, another visitor, tells a good tale. The native ruler of the island was presented by the Commonwealth Government with a horse. But one of the conditions of the gift was that the assistant ruler should be allowed to share it.

This did not suit the chief ruler at all, because he could not call his horse his own, but had to allow his assistant to ride it half the time; and this privilege was not neglected. But the Chief bided his time, and at last seized the opportunity to bring the Assistant

before the island court, which is held in a palm leaf covered hut, for some trifling offence. He then promptly fined his subordinate "half a horse." So the whole horse passed into the Chief's undivided possession. The act might be called "going the whole hog"; but in having recourse to the law the ruler was within his rights.

In a general way the natives of the Torres Strait islands live a contented care-free life. The Chief Scout found that among them the Boy Scout and the Girl Guide movements were strongly established. They play cricket and football, but on Coconut Island the favourite pastime is making and sailing four-foot model sailing boats, which compete at an annual regatta.

### TEACH THE CHILDREN SAFETY FIRST

#### The Road Users of Tomorrow

Few can have a better right to tell us how to save the children from the Juggernaut of the car than Major C. V. Godfrey, the Chief Constable of Salford, for in Salford not a schoolchild has been killed for a full year.

This is all the more wonderful because Salford, through which flow incessant tides of traffic between Liverpool on the one hand and the north of England on the other, is besides the second most densely populated borough in Great Britain. The Chief Constable puts down its astonishing record of safety to teaching the children how to preserve it. They learn what to do and what to avoid.

#### Street Playgrounds

Major Godfrey first tells us how they are taught. His chief traffic officers have for several years regularly visited every school in Salford, giving lectures to schoolchildren on Safety First. But besides precept they enjoy a particular form of practice. They learn from their play streets where safety is, and conversely where it is not. Seven years ago 48 Salford streets were closed to all wheeled traffic. Today there are 170 which are the children's closed playing grounds.

We may feel rather sorry that the children have to make the streets their playground, but not a few of them would choose those homely, narrow ways for play, so near to their own doorsteps, with street lamps for wickets or goal-posts, and nobody to interfere—not even mother, because she is too busy indoors.

But the Chief Constable has another reason for approving them. When children play in these closed streets they do so with the full knowledge that they play in perfect safety. It is the other side of the lessons on safety drilled into them at school; and as soon as they leave these familiar havens a sense of discipline and caution arises in their minds by way of contrast. Safety having been left behind, they must now stop, look, and listen.

#### Gaining Road Sense

Ten years from now, says the Chief Constable, these children will have grown up, and by their their minds will have a new piece of knowledge denied to those who are adults now. They will have added a new R to the three Rs, and it will stand for Road Sense. What Salford does today all England should do tomorrow. The Ministry of Education should combine with that of Transport to teach the children of today what road safety means. They are the aptest pupils because their minds are more elastic and impressionable. As the twig is bent so it will grow.



## WORLD ENEMY NUMBER ONE

### THE CRUEL MILL OF WAR

Grinding the Hopes of Men  
Between the Stones

### DEATH TO HOPE

Mr Cordell Hull, the American Secretary of State, has been speaking at a World Power Conference at Washington, where 3000 delegates from 50 nations were present. One of his points was that social progress everywhere lags behind scientific progress. We take these passages from Mr Hull's fine speech.

Shall we allow this application of genius and energy to be dissipated in the agony of armed conflict, or shall we insist with all the determination at our command that they be employed objectively in pursuits of peace?

Every war in the past has retarded the progress of civilisation in direct proportion to the vigour with which it was pursued and the number of days, months, and years it has endured. Yet we find today a lamentable absence of appreciation by many responsible and influential statesmen that these present warlike tendencies can only lead to a world holocaust. Are we, in this enlightened age, so stupid that we cannot read this awful lesson of history?

The people of the world must learn that war is a cruel mill whose stones are the misled hope of national aggrandisement and the selfish ambitions of unscrupulous persons. The oil and fuel of that mill are furnished by the fear and hate which come from distrust and suspicion. The grain for that mill is the valiant patriotic youth of the world ready to carry out the orders of leaders who are too often reckless or ruthless. The grist from that mill is death—death to Youth, death to Hope, death to Civilisation.

## 35 NATIONS AGREE

### A World Peace Conference

*Say not the struggle naught availeth.*

At Brussels 35 nations met to attend a World Peace Congress.

The delegates were those stiff-necked stalwarts who march onward to the heights in spite of all discouragement, because they know that world peace is what the world wants. It may not seem so at this time, when half the world's leaders are piling up arms, and the other half are feverishly making ready to meet attacks they fear they cannot avoid.

But the fifty Lancashire men who went to the conference from England, and who met there 2400 delegates from France, as well as men from smaller nations, came back hopeful. They said that the 4000 delegates from the 35 nations which were represented were unanimous in the belief that in their countries a body of people existed who were solid for peace. Not much is heard of them, but they are there waiting to be organised.

Not much is heard of them, and not much has been heard of the Brussels Congress outside Belgium, because their quiet resolutions are silenced in the clamour of the war-minded.

But peace, like truth, is great and will at last prevail; and the still small voice of those who will never believe the efforts for it are of no avail will one day fill the world.

### FROM MAYOR TO MAYOR

To commemorate the Jubilee of the Golden City, Vancouver has presented a flag pole to Johannesburg. The tree from which the pole will be made is from the old forests of British Columbia. When completed the pole will be as high as an average skyscraper. In return the Mayor of Johannesburg has sent to Vancouver a magnificent inkstand, blotter, and letter-opener made of material from the Crown Mines.

## A HOPE FOR SPAIN

Europe Must Agree To  
Cut Off Supplies

### AS THE BRITISH WORKING MAN SEES IT

Is there a rift in the lurid clouds above Spain? An armistice was spoken of round San Sebastian, and time was allowed for non-combatants to depart.

When the word armistice or truce is mentioned it is significant of a pause not merely in the operations of war but in the thoughts of those who are waging it. In it they may ask what they are fighting for; Is it worth while? and What is to be the end? To onlookers the answer to all these questions is clear. The fighting is for an end that can never be secured, because it has ceased to be a war for principles, if ever it was one, and has sunk to be a war of revenge.

### The Tragedy of the Civil War

When the Spanish civil war ceases, the unhappy country will be tormented by memories of cruel and wicked injuries inflicted by either side, and these are harder to forget when they have been done among men of the same blood and kin than when the struggle has been between nations. But the longer the fight is continued the more they mount up and the harder they are to forget or forgive.

For this reason and for every reason, for the sake of Spain, for the sake of the peace of Europe, and for the sake of humanity, this struggle must be ended, and, as we have insisted, there is only one way in which it can be stopped, and that is by cutting off the fuel of strife, the supply of war munitions. On whichever side individual sympathies lie, it is obvious that there are sympathisers on the other. Therefore help to either Government forces or insurgents will most certainly be met and annulled by help from other quarters to the opposing one. Meanwhile the nations of Europe would find themselves reduced to the level of dogs quarrelling over a bone.

### Labour Takes the Sound View

Apart from the Spanish front, the brightest prospect is revealed by the commonsense view taken by the British Trade Unionists. There is no doubt on which side their sympathies lie, but the resolutions of the Trades Union Congress at Plymouth show once again that when it comes down to hard facts British Labour takes the sound view.

They listened to their leaders, Sir Walter Citrine and Mr Ernest Bevin, who told them bluntly that, though they might not like the refusal to supply arms to the Spanish Government, it was certain that unless the supply of arms all round was stopped more arms would go to the insurgents. Some countries were able, willing, and ready to supply them to that quarter. Unless they could be prevailed on to join the general refusal the upshot would be that a spark from the Spanish bonfire might kindle a war in Europe.

That is the plain truth of the matter, which otherwise was summed up by Mr Hann of the Shopworkers Union, who said that though he was a pacifist he was not a fool, and should support the resolution not to interfere.

### THE OLD STONE AGE

Sir Percy Sykes, speaking at a Royal Geographical Society's discussion on Persia, recalled a visit he made during the war to ancient Persepolis.

His Indian officers could not understand why he was interested when there was nothing to see but stones; and as he was leaving he overheard two of his British sergeants commenting on the ancient site. Said Sergeant Robinson to Sergeant Jones, "Well, at last I thoroughly understand what the Old Stone Age means."

## GERMANY WILL STAND ALONE

### Hitler's Four-Year Plan

### THE RIGHT TO POSSESS COLONIES

At the annual Nazi Rally at Nuremberg Herr Hitler announced a new four-year plan which would make Germany independent of foreign countries.

He described the task before the nation as enormous, but, pointing to what had already been accomplished by German scientists, he declared that their ingenuity would enable new raw material industries to be developed. Into these industries the labour now employed in rearmament will be diverted, providing a surplus for export to be devoted to the purchase of food and other raw materials.

The plan, he went on, in no way replaced Germany's colonial demands. He compared the declaration of a British statesman that Germany did not require colonies because she was able to purchase her raw materials from abroad with that of Marie Antoinette, who recommended the mob that howled for bread to eat cake. A country which achieved such undeniable economic results at home would, he said, also be able to administer colonies productively.

On another page of the CN we describe some of these peaceful achievements; but the speech as a whole proclaimed to the world that Germany's military strength was to be maintained and increased to ensure that she did not become the helpless prey of any foreign imperialistic force. That force was apparently a Bolshevik one, for Herr Hitler denounced in the strongest terms what he called the revolutionising of Europe from Moscow.

Lovers of peace, alas, will look in vain through this dogmatic pronouncement for any sign that the international situation is improving.

## A MUSICAL MOUSE

### Nobody's Business

*Dickory dickory dock,*

*The mouse ran up the clock.*

The mouse of Queen's Ferry missed the clock but damaged the piano.

It came from the Hawarden Council's electricity department in a packing case with an electric cleaner. When the case was opened out jumped the mouse. The electricity man who had come to demonstrate the cleaner took no responsibility for the mouse, and prudently left the householder to deal with it.

He had all his work cut out. The mouse got into the piano, which had to be taken to pieces before it was dislodged. It next tried the bookcase, and finally ran up the householder's trousers and bit him. That was practically the end. But the Queen's Ferry man then sent a letter to the Hawarden Council asking for six shillings compensation for the damage their mouse had done.

It does not seem a large amount, but the council refused to do more than express its sympathy.

Our sympathy is with the mouse, which after all came off worst.

### KISSES AND TEARS FOR FLOWERS

The recent letters in The Times on flowers for the East End have led to an English lady recalling her touching experience in a Pittsburg tram years ago.

She had been presented with a bunch of two dozen magnificent roses. She had to take a tram which went through some of the poorest streets of Pittsburg and was full of people of all nationalities, and obviously the poorest of the poor.

In broken English, she was literally mobbed by them, "Lady, let me smell your flowers!"

She gave them all away, one at a time, as far as they would go. They were received with tears and kisses.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

A tablet in memory of Captain Fryatt has been unveiled in the English church at Bruges.

The embargo imposed in 1931 on mutual trade between Canada and Soviet Russia has been cancelled.

A fall of rock from Mount Ravnfjeld, 6388 feet high, into Loen Lake in Norway caused a wave which drowned 70 people.

The Egyptian Government has proclaimed an amnesty for political prisoners, and some 3500 people will be set free.

By winning his tennis match against Donald Budge last Saturday Fred Perry won the American Singles Championship for the third time in four years. He is the first player other than an American to win the trophy outright.

The Transvaal had its heaviest snow-fall for 32 years last week-end, and a centenarian Bushman in Johannesburg declared that it was part of the white man's decoration scheme for the great Empire Exhibition.

## TWO DAYS HOLIDAY A WEEK

### Good Results

Many American factories have now adopted successfully the five-day working week.

This reform, which was started in Italy and has been law there for some time, and which has just been enacted by M. Blum's Government in France, bids fair soon to become a commonplace of industrial procedure.

An American firm, after trying out the five-day week, reports an increase of 10 per cent in output and a decrease in production costs. They also say that the shorter week secures them the best type of worker, that it saves light, heat, and power, that there is increased efficiency, and that it reduces labour turnover to a minimum.

Needless to say, the workers like it. Not only does it give them a real holiday every week, it makes every day cheerful.

## THE LARGEST PAINTING IN THE WORLD

The biggest open-air theatre ever known is being completed at the Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg. For the scenes, one, which depicts three typical South African views, is 450 feet long, and the finishing touches are now being put to it.

This painting will form the background for a pageant of South African and Rhodesian history, with more than a thousand performers.

## THINGS SAID

All the progress man has made is the result of his search for truth.

Professor H. L. Hawkins

For the National Socialist the term private individual should no longer exist. Dr Ley, German Minister of Labour

It is established beyond all doubt that even a small quantity of alcohol impairs the mental and physical faculties.

Lord Snowden

Picking wild flowers for sale is not prohibited by law, but Covent Garden refuses to handle wild daffodils and bluebells.

Dr A. B. Rendle

There can be no such thing as a pure race, though strains and types of human beings survive, mix, and are repeated in populations.

Professor Fleure

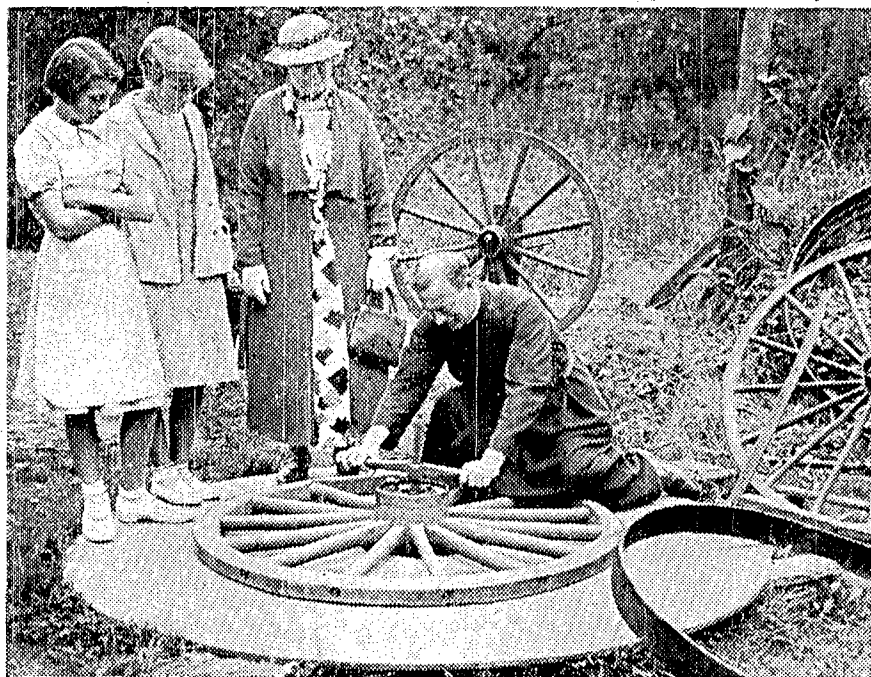
The shocking decay of the nation's teeth can be arrested, not by the toothbrush and dentistry, but by giving children a proper diet. Sir Leonard Hill



# Ploughing Match · Two Old Crafts · Washing Day



The Ploughing Match—A keenly-contested event at the Chertsey Show last week.



Mending a Wheel—A demonstration at the Abbey Folk Park, New Barnet, where an ancient wheelwright's shop is being added to the interesting collection of exhibits.



Thatchers at Work—Too few thatched roofs are seen in the countryside, but here are thatchers at work on the roof of a new riding school and stables at Guildford.



Washing Day—The bright sunshine of a windy day helps to make a picture of this everyday scene at Whitby in Yorkshire.



## CLINGING TO THE MOTHERLAND

### Britons Coming Home

#### WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE EMPIRE OVERSEAS?

The C.N. believes that our British Homeland is the happiest and best country in the world, and it appears that many other people outside it think so too. Some surprising figures have been published.

The return to the Homeland of British people still remains a remarkable feature of our migration returns. Here are the plain facts.

The returns of passenger traffic between the United Kingdom and places outside Europe show that the number of people of British nationality who arrived here as passengers from such countries during the first six months of this year exceeded the number who went to those countries by 34,233. For the year ended last June there were nearly ten thousand more returning to this country than going out.

#### No Stimulus To Migration

So the countries overseas still fail to attract migrants from Britain. Conditions here, despite all adverse factors, are sufficiently good to prevent any desire to emigrate. On the other hand, there is no stimulus to migration offered by overseas lands.

The British Empire thus remains largely unpeopled. In the June quarter of this year there was an inward balance of 5667 British subjects from Australia, only 1337 going out while 7004 came back. For Canada there was an inward flow on balance of 4832, for New Zealand of 1490, and for South Africa of 5626.

*It is not too much to say that these facts are among the most unexpected that have been ever recorded.*

In the old days Britons made an Empire by seeking adventure. Today they cling to the Motherland.

#### CANNED NOISE FOR POSTERITY

According to an American report, records of typical street sounds were recently sealed into the corner-stone of a New York building.

Recordings of honking horns, squeaking brakes, police whistles, and other familiar urban noises were made on chromium-plated copper discs, coated with an imperishable tarry compound, and locked in a copper box. Included also were a gramophone and instructions for removing the tarry compound and playing the records.

This was done, it seems, to inform posterity how noisy were the people of today, the assumption being that posterity in its wisdom will have won back to quiet, and be incapable of understanding how foolishly noisy we could be.

#### AN INSPIRING EXHIBITION

The Booking Hall of Charing Cross Underground Station has become one of London's finest show places, with its interesting series of exhibitions.

The latest of these, opened last week, shows the excellent opportunities provided by the L.C.C. for continued education, and includes specimens of the arts, crafts, and technical work of students in the evening schools. Masonry, engineering tools, musical instruments, leather goods, furniture, and specimens of modern sculpture are all displayed at Charing Cross, where particulars may be obtained of L.C.C. evening classes.

The exhibition will remain open on weekdays until the end of September.

## WHAT IS GOOD IN THE NAZIS

### Observe All Things

Mr Lloyd George has been to see Herr Hitler and to see what he can that is good in Germany. It is worth while to follow his example.

Nazi has become to some a proud label, to others an epithet of abuse. We are apt to forget that it is short for National Socialist. The Hitler regime, whatever its faults, is based on a conception of national cooperation which claims to seek the greatest good of the German nation as a whole, and our Department of Oversea Trade has issued an illuminating account of recent German progress. Germany is handicapped by her war losses of territory, people, and raw materials, to say nothing of her colonies and ships, but she advances.

#### Back To the Land

The State is in general control. Agriculture is its first care, as the chief estate of the Reich. The other estates are Industry, Handicrafts, Transport, and the Labour Front.

The promotion of rural prosperity has so far succeeded that the agricultural unemployed have fallen in three years from 223,000 to 52,000. The farmers have repaid £50,000,000 of debt. Nazi rule has made nearly 700,000 farms which cannot be distrained upon; returned former agricultural labourers back to the land from the towns; increased the German price of wheat so that it is considerably higher than in the world outside; divided big estates for the benefit of smallholders; and made it an aim to transform the land worker into a yeoman farmer.

The creation of so many new working landowners is a great accomplishment. It is good also that four out of five German farmers use electrical power.

#### Banishing Unemployment

National self-sufficiency is the aim of all this planning. Germany at present produces only a fifth of the iron ore she needs, only a tenth of her wool requirements, less than one per cent of vegetable oil needs; while, of course, she has to import practically all her consumption of cotton, hemp, jute, and rubber.

All these things are being manfully tackled. Above all unemployment has been largely banished. At the end of July the German unemployed were 1,170,000, against 6,000,000 three years ago.

It is a great experiment in State organisation and control akin to what we ourselves did in the war. Friendly observation and criticism are due to the Nazis in spite of what is cruel and mean-spirited in the Nazi system. The intelligent observer examines all things, proves all things, and learns from every available source.

#### THE FUTURE OF AFRICA

By the South African Minister of Interior

There is no justification for thinking or speaking of handing over African communities as if they were bales of goods or parcels of merchandise. The nations have no right to juggle with the map of Africa as if piecing together a jigsaw puzzle.

Any transfer of African territory would involve human lives. Therefore we must be firm in insisting that there can be no question of a transfer without the fullest consideration of the wishes of all sections and communities concerned.

#### THE TALKING LETTER

Machines are being installed in Johannesburg so that people may insert a coin in the slot and speak into the machine, when they will record their voice on an aluminium disc. This, when the speaker is at an end, is ejected from the machine. Talking letters are quite a new innovation for South Africa.

## A FIFTY-YEAR PLAN

### Reorganising Our Electric Supply

#### HOW TO AVOID WASTE

As many as 635 separate bodies are authorised to supply electricity in this country. Consequently there are different systems, different prices, and different voltages.

There is a crying need, therefore, for reorganisation in this industry, whose value to the community is shown by the enormous increase in the demand for its products both of light and power, and last year a Committee of Electricity Distribution was appointed by the Minister of Transport to report on what could be done.

#### What Should Be Done

This report has now been published, and is both a review of the industry as it is today and a clearly thought out statement of what should be done in the next 50 years to reorganise the electricity supply with a view to eventual public ownership.

Many public bodies, including 373 local authorities, supply electricity today, but, in spite of the excellent coordinating work that the Central Electricity Board has done since it was set up in 1926, there is still much duplication and waste, to say nothing of the inconvenience to the householder who moves half a mile away and finds that all his electric utensils and his wireless are of no use! There are 43 different voltages between 100 and 480, says the report.

As an example of the varying sizes of the undertakings, one is selling 500 million units a year in an area of 5000 square miles, while another is selling a few thousand units to the inhabitants of a few hundred acres.

London and the Home Counties alone have 82 authorised undertakings, subject to 243 separate Acts of Parliament, and the Committee states that a substantially greater measure of amalgamation and coordination between the public companies and local authorities is clearly necessary if the best results are to be obtained; it advises the appointment of a District Commissioner to prepare schemes for this area.

#### Alternative Solutions

Witnesses from all over the country agreed in declaring that the present organisation called for improvement. There appeared to the Committee to be two alternative solutions. The first, involving the setting up of regional boards under public control who would buy up all the undertakings, was passed over for a scheme of a more gradual character, though leading up to public ownership within 50 years.

Drastic powers by Parliament and the Electricity Commissioners are involved in the scheme, and local authorities will have to forgo their powers of purchasing neighbouring competitors when this involves the splitting up of the big areas foreshadowed under the scheme. The bigger companies and local authorities should, it is suggested, absorb all the smaller undertakers, but they will have to be subject to a sliding scale as to profits, to the approval of the Electricity Commissioners as to the issue of new capital, and to the Minister of Transport where methods of charging are concerned.

#### A HISTORIC CRADLE

Morley, the busy Yorkshire woollen town, is to preserve a cradle for all time.

Solidly built of oak, it is about three feet long and ten inches deep, and will soon find a home in the town's museum. Generations of Asquiths have slept in it, and Morley is proud to show it because Herbert Henry Asquith, Earl of Oxford and Asquith, was rocked in it.

## NANDA DEVI CLIMBED

### The Highest Peak in the Empire

#### A MOUNTAINEERING TRIUMPH

The flags of the two English-speaking nations have been planted on the highest peak in the British Empire. Nanda Devi in the Himalayas has at last been conquered by two mountaineers.

This mountain rises to a height of 25,660 feet in the Garhwal district in the north of India, and forms the pinnacle of a mighty barrier of mountains 70 miles round with peaks of over 20,000 feet along it. The nearest approach to Nanda Devi was made in 1905, when Dr T. G. Longstaff climbed to a height of 19,000 feet on this barrier.

The conquerors of the mountain are members of a joint British and American expedition. It includes two members of the recent Everest expedition which had to give up, and Captain Odell, the last man to see Mallory and Irvine as they passed out of sight for ever 27,000 feet up Everest in 1924.

#### The Rope Bridge

The leader of the expedition is Professor Graham Brown of the University of Wales, and the party, accompanied by some fifty coolies, set out to scale the mountain from Tapoban on July 21. Two days later they were camping at 14,000 feet, and then their difficulties began. Heavy rains added to the roughness of the path, with torrents so formidable that many of the coolies refused to go on. The baggage was eventually taken across by a rope bridge, while the travellers waded across holding on to a fixed rope.

Sheltering in caves by night, and their toil by day only relieved by the magnificent views afforded when the rain ceased, the explorers reached the camp, at 18,000 feet, which was to be their base of operations on August 7, in full view of the mountain giant they were to conquer.

The full story of the magnificent achievement and the names of the two men who reached the summit of Nanda Devi had not been received when these words were written, but the climb was so difficult that it will rank among the greatest exploits in mountaineering that the world has ever known.

## THE RACE GOES ON

### Talking Peace and Preparing For War

Momentous events are passing before us so rapidly that our minds become bewildered. Let us remind ourselves of the latest, and most unhappy, sequence of armament moves.

On August 11 Soviet Russia decreed that the age of compulsory military service was to be reduced from 21 to 19, adding hundreds of thousands to the peace strength of her army.

On August 24 Herr Hitler doubled the term of compulsory service in the German army, navy, and air forces, raising it from one to two years, and adding some 300,000 men to her peace army.

On September 7 France decided to add some £200,000,000 to her armament expenditure in the next four years to strengthen all her defences. Large sums are to be lent by France to Poland to increase her armaments.

Thus gun answers gun and aeroplane replies to aeroplane. And each nation, while arming in answer to arming, professes itself anxious to disarm and intent upon defence alone. A monstrous game, which could be ended by measures of justice which are everywhere denied.



## SHORTAGE OF SKILL The Need For Technical Training

We see that Sir Archibald Hurd confirms the view of the C.N. that in too many cases the unemployed are workers who have not learned a trade and that an actual shortage of skilled labour is appearing.

This is evident in shipbuilding, of which Sir Archibald Hurd says with truth that there is a shortage of skilled men but not of shipyards. Most of the unemployed men in the shipbuilding industry are unskilled; and many of them, unhappily for themselves and the country, are too old to stand the heavy manual strain which shipbuilding imposes on workers.

It is the fact that any considerable further recovery in shipbuilding would reveal a problem not of unemployment, but of dearth of the right men.

So it is with other trades, as, for example, bricklaying. The number of really skilled bricklayers in the land is not big enough to cope with the work to be done, and too many of those now laying bricks have never learned the trade, but just picked it up, working on housing estates where much simple work is called for. At many Employment Exchanges we can see posted a notice, Bricklayers Wanted. On the other hand, the number of building labourers unemployed is considerable, despite the boom in the industry.

Technical training is thus a primary need in our educational system. No child should be allowed to pass from school into work to pick up a living anyhow. The choice of a trade, and education in that trade, should be a matter of course for all.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Cetus	See-tus
Latakia	Lah-tah-kee-ah
Leonidas	Le-on-id-as
Nausicaa	Naw-sika-ah

## AMERICA'S DUST BOWL U S A Official Survey

The United States of America, thoroughly alarmed at the rate at which the Dust Bowl of the Western States is becoming a desert, have been ascertaining the extent of the damage.

The U.S.A. Agricultural Department Report on the American Desert begins by an examination of the Western Ranges. This area of 728 million acres is two-fifths of all the land of the United States, and all but one per cent of it should be available for live-stock grazing. But during the last 30 years three-quarters of this vast area has greatly declined in value and usefulness, and only one-sixth of it has been improved by the stock farmers and squatters who own half of it.

It is the unrestricted grazing over 523 million acres which has damaged the soil, made bare the grassy places, and increased the dryness to a point where the grass cannot recover. Over these lands the erosion is so serious that they cannot be restored to their original fertility for 50 years. The dry soil, too, silt into the streams.

It will be 50 years before the Western Ranges can support the 17 million head of stock they could carry till recently, and a century before they can support the 22 million that America needs.

### FLAGS FROM JAPAN

The commercial enterprise of the Japanese is again to the fore in connection with the Coronation celebrations.

The market is being flooded with Japanese flags, so cheap that their price is far below the cost of production here.

While the Government naturally will buy only British flags, there can be no law to prevent the purchase of foreign ones. It would no doubt be possible to impose a prohibitive import duty; but in such a case private buyers might surely themselves settle the question by honouring a British King with a British flag. It is simple enough.

## PHILAE MUST GO Removal of the Temples

The temples of Philae are to be removed from the path of progress.

They stand on the island of Philae, once the pearl of Egypt, and once were one of the loveliest things on the Nile. But when the Assuan Dam was constructed at the First Cataract in 1902 the temples of Isis and Hathor, Pharaoh's bed, the vestibules, the pylons, Hadrian's gateway, and other monuments which had stood for 20 centuries were threatened with submersion beneath the waters of the vast reservoir thus formed.

They did not disappear altogether, and in the months between August and December, when the Nile, flowing through the sluices of the dam, fell to its lowest level, the whole island reappeared and the temples could be visited. Then in 1912 the dam, admittedly the most magnificent engineering work in Egypt, was raised another 16 feet, and only during the dry season can the island be reached.

The dam is being raised further, in response to Lower Egypt's increasing cry for more water, and the whole of the temples and their surroundings, which were never completely covered at any time, will now be in danger. The danger is not that they will be seldom seen, but that the water will undermine their foundations. Precautions have been taken hitherto to prevent injury to them during their annual submersion; but because this will now last longer it is felt that the ruins must go. In any case, when the new heightening of the dam is completed they would hardly ever be seen.

In order to keep them from collapsing in the flood the sacred temples, and the surroundings built by Pharaohs and by Roman emperors, are to be moved piecemeal and set up elsewhere. Egypt may be trusted to do the work well, but it is a sad fate for Philae to become a museum piece. See World Map

## SYRIAN FREEDOM France Renounces Mandate

France has agreed to renounce her League Mandate over Syria. Thus she follows British example in Iraq.

By a draft Treaty of Friendship and Alliance Syria is to enjoy full self-governance, subject only to a military agreement by which France will maintain armed forces in the territories of Jebel Druze on the south and Latakia on the coastal north.

Syria lies between Turkey on the north and Iraq and Palestine on the south. Its capital is the world-famed Damascus. The population is roundly two and a half millions and the area 60,000 square miles.

France is to have two aerodromes in Syria, and the Syrian army now to be formed is to be instructed by French officers and use French arms.

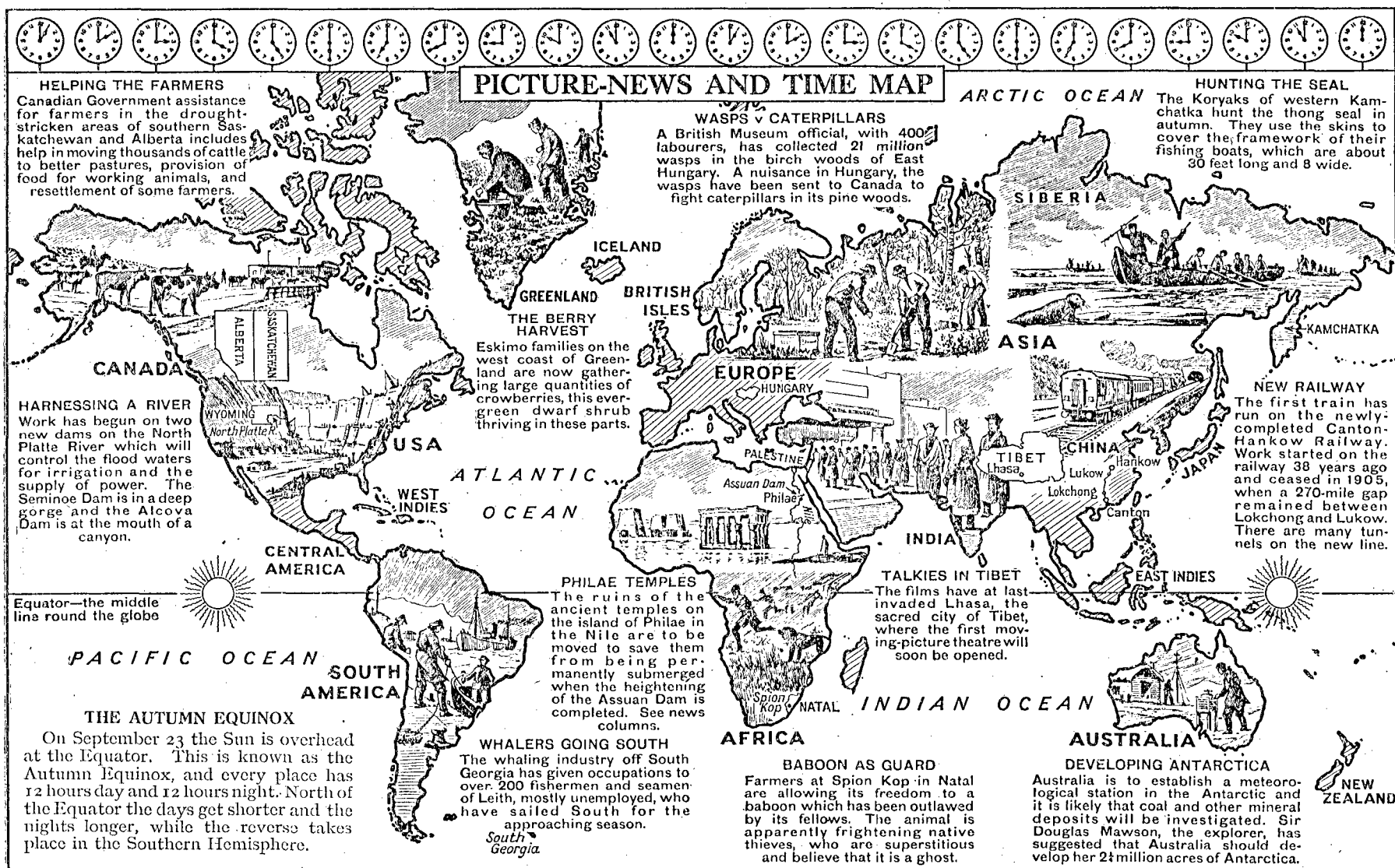
The new Syrian Government will sit at Damascus, and when it has been elected the draft treaty will become a binding instrument.

### BRITISH LOSSES IN PALESTINE

As force must unhappily be used in Palestine to restore order and to confirm justice, we must all agree that the Government is right to reinforce the garrison.

Indeed, there is much to be said for the view that, when it became evident that murder and outrage had to be suppressed, a strong force should have been sent and not a few troops. It is an ill fate for a soldier to die in some obscure ambush or skirmish, as so many of our good men have done in Palestine, and adequate measures will prevent this.

With order restored the Government can pursue its policy of impartial justice for Arab and Jew. The Arabs must realise that the Government cannot allow itself "to be deflected from its course by violence and outrage."





## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 19 1936



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

## The Battle of Life

WE speak lightly often of the Battle of Life, but in truth life is more and more a battlefield.

For each one of us the shaping of life, the formation of character, the victory over adversity: these and other contests well fought make the happy warrior.

For many there remains a physical battle too. The soldier fights for his country; the workman meets danger in many callings, but especially in some. To build a bridge, to mine coal, to work on a ship or a railway: these remain hazardous trades, and new dangers arise with new occupations.

Not very long ago we were lamenting a great mine explosion with the loss of scores of brave men. We were greatly moved because we heard of it; but unfortunately we do not hear of the day by day accidents which kill, every month, as many miners as were killed in the Yorkshire explosion. Thus we lose a thousand miners every year. It ought not to be; it need not be.

As trade improves and more work is done industrial casualties multiply. This is so true that we are able to prophecy that, because more work is being done this year than last, an increase in accidents will certainly be reported for 1936.

As things are, each ton of coal raised, each girder built into a bridge, each mile of transportation done, each furnace tapped, represents its share of casualty. We ought not to be content with this.

He is no general worth the name who pours out without due occasion the lives entrusted to his command. He is no proper captain of industry who neglects to protect his workpeople. He is no competent Secretary of State who does not administer industrial law with firmness.

There is no department of industrial legislation that does not need periodical revision, for new methods constantly breed new dangers. Our laws have not kept pace with scientific advance.

For the greater protection of men and women workers, and especially of the young, most of us would make a special plea. There is a great call for juvenile recruits who leave school, and these small privates in the army of industry ought not to be sent into the stern battle of life save on conditions suited to their years.

The Home Office has the reports of its own inspectors before it and they are grave. Will it not bestir itself to initiate legislation which Parliament is in no mood to deny?

## Mui-Tsai

IT is years since the CN did its best for the little girl slaves of Hong-Kong, and years since the Government undertook to abolish the Mui-Tsai system.

Now the matter is being looked into once more. Year after year promises are made, and year after year the system drags on.

There is only one thing to do with the Mui-Tsai system, and that is to abolish it as we abolished slavery a hundred years ago.

## Stern Rules Needed

THE car seemed to get out of control as it turned the corner.

The corner in question was the famous one in the main street of Newtownards, near Belfast, a well-known landmark in the Ulster International Tourist Trophy motor-car race. The helpless crowd, thus charged by a car at 100 miles an hour, was mowed down to such effect that seven spectators were killed and 24 were injured.

We do not understand why these road and street races are permitted save under stern rules to prevent the accumulation of crowds at danger points. Is it too much to hope that such rules will now be enforced? Or is life held cheap?

## The Clenched Fist

THE Clenched Fist, that astonishing and alarming salute newly fashioned by the Communists of Europe, has come to London.

It will be remembered that it was freely employed in Paris recently, and that it is thoroughly at home in Spain. It was first prominently used in England on September 6, when it was a feature of a Communist demonstration in Trafalgar Square.

## A Lady Calls

A POORLY-DRESSED woman called at the Royal Manchester Children's Hospital, Pendlebury, the other day and, asking to see the matron, said: "Eh, but I'm that sorry to trouble you, but I've brought a little present for the hospital. Aye, ye were good to my lad. And all th' nurses. He mit have been their own babby. He's dead now."

Then she gave the matron a bulging envelope with 100 Pound Notes in it.

"But how can we thank you? What can we do to show what we feel?" said the matron.

"Well, luv, if it isn't asking too much, could you make me a cup of tea? I'm that thirsty and it's that hot. Thank yer, luv."

**To Travellers in Search of Beauty**  
When you see God's signet fresh on English ground

Why go gallivanting to the nations round?  
Charles Kingsley

## The Old Lady Sees it Through

WE hope our readers are not tired of hearing the CN say that the old folk are wonderful.

We have just heard of an old lady of 80 who was going blind. She did not want to lose the beauty of the world she had been looking on so long, and she endured a painful operation.

During the operation she moved, and heard the doctor say, "It's no use"; whereupon the old lady said, "If you will tell me exactly what you want me to do I will do it." Then she lay perfectly still while the operation was performed, and today, instead of being 80 years old and blind, she is 80 years young and seeing again as well as when she was eight.

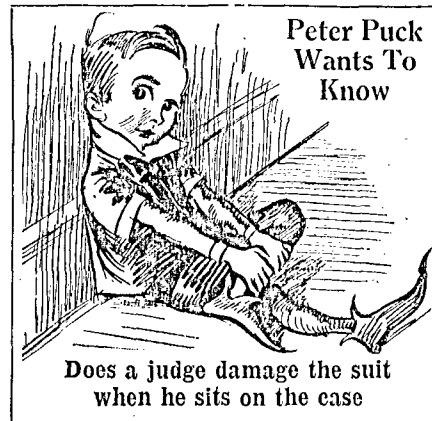
## Tip-Cat

A HOTEL proprietor says his patrons have fallen off this year. He ought to put a railing round.

AN open window means sweet repose. Unless the wireless is on next door.

A BARBER is at work on an airliner. Has the airliner grown whiskers?

PEOPLE like being snapped on holidays. But not snapped at.



A TRAVELLER says he can never sleep in a cabin. It's all bunk.

FAT boys don't like mountains. But they don't mind a mountain gorge.

SOME land is so stony you cannot graze cattle on it. Only knees.

A SHIP's chef is a versatile man. But he can't make a ship roll.

SOME visitors are very friendly, says a seaside waiter, but they don't give tips. Not even finger tips.

A ROUND of pleasure: the tennis ball.

YOU may fall in with interesting people on holiday. Not if you look where you are going.

## THE BROADCASTER

CN Calling the World

THE record sum of £527,302 was collected on Poppy Day last year.

BY selling mint from her small garden a London woman is raising nearly 3s a month for the Royal Waterloo Hospital.

## JUST AN IDEA

The worst of many people is that they cannot see the best in others.

## The Lady of the Bon Marché

SACHA GUITRY, the famous French actor, has written a play about Pasteur, and while collecting material for it he came across the story of his early days.

Pasteur was planning to establish an institute for developing his discovery of the cure for hydrophobia, but he had no money, so he called on Madame Boucicaut, who owned the Bon Marché, the biggest store in Paris.

The servant took in his card with much hesitation and said that a gentleman wanted to see her. Madame Boucicaut looked at the card and said: "Is he the Pasteur who has a cure for hydrophobia?" The servant did not know, and went to ask. "Yes," said Pasteur.

On coming in he said he wanted to found an institute, but for some time he was tongue-tied and hesitating; then his enthusiasm broke through his shyness and he forgot himself in his subject.

Madame Boucicaut listened until he asked for a little subscription, when she turned to her desk and wrote out a cheque, handing it to him folded.

"Thank you, Madame," said Pasteur; "you are too kind." Then he looked at the cheque and broke down into tears; it was for a million francs (then £40,000).

## All History Unrolls Before Me

IN my garden I spend my days; in my library I spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flower I am in the present; with the book I am in the past.

I go into my library and all history unrolls before me. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors! What a silence in those old books, as of a half-peopled world, what bleating of flocks, what green pastoral rest, what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels.

Alexander Smith

## The Wise Man and the City

There was a little city and few men within it; and there came a great king against it and besieged it and built great bulwarks against it.

Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength, nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised and his words are not heard.

The words of the wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools.

Wisdom is better than weapons of war.  
Ecclesiastes



## RECORD EMPLOYMENT FIGURES

### Half a Million More Men at Work

#### COAL DOING BETTER

Industrial idleness continues to diminish. The official day count of the unemployed on August 24 showed a decrease of 38,132 on July, the total falling to 1,613,940, of whom the wholly unemployed numbered 1,297,596. A year ago the idle numbered 1,947,964.

The work record looks even better if we count not the idle but those actually at work on August 24. Excluding land workers, the insured employed numbered 10,961,000, or roundly eleven millions.

*This is actually 500,000 more at work than in August 1935. It is a record figure.*

It is good to note that coal did better in August, and that the chief falls in unemployment occurred in Scotland (11,654 less) and in north-east England (15,293 less).

A few industries, chiefly the tailoring and distributive trades, showed an increase of unemployment.

#### Work For Our Own Estate

We may recall that in the early part of 1933 there were three millions unemployed, or nearly twice as many as today.

The improvement has occurred mainly in work for our own people. There are some who think this a bad feature, but that is surely the very reverse of the truth. Domestic trade always occupies the chief part of our activities; the export trade never engages more than a few million people.

Of 21 million persons (insured and uninsured) working for gain in Great Britain, the number employed in export work, even in good trade, is less than three millions.

This is not to decry export trade, for we need it to purchase imports, enabling us to buy from overseas such foods and materials as we cannot ourselves produce. They are not an end but a means.

Work for home account is steadier than work for overseas, and the advance of home trade, which has accounted for the greater part of the fall in enforced idleness, is to be welcomed as a most excellent thing.

We may also hope that export trade will continue to advance, and thus furnish us with a bigger fund of materials with which to work.

## ANOTHER RED LIGHT

### Colour Indicators For Clocks and Watches

There will be no excuse if we forget to wind up our clocks in future, for a new device to jog our memory is being fitted to the latest eight-day travelling and standing clocks and watches.

This is an indicator to show how many days have passed since the clock was last wound. Through a tiny window let into the clock's face appears a disc carrying a number, which changes automatically each day. When seven days have passed a disc of a different colour appears, a reminder that it is nearly time to rewind the clock, and on the eighth day a scarlet disc slips into the window when the clock runs down.

Wrist watches are also being made with these don't-forget-to-wind-me indicators, and some will tell the wearer not only the time but the date of the month.

But what will become of our memories when every day we are becoming more dependent on Robot?

A repentant taxpayer has sent £10,000 Conscience Money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This is the biggest amount ever received in this way.

## HOW HOT IS IT?

### Ask Old Fahrenheit

#### THE BEST GUIDE AFTER 200 YEARS

DANIEL GABRIEL FAHRENHEIT put his name on a thermometer, and it has carried him to an immortality lasting 200 years and showing yet no signs of fading into obscurity.

It was 250 years ago when he was born, May 14, 1686, in Danzig, and when he passed on at the age of 50, on September 17, 1736, he was assured of world-wide fame—and never knew it! The world has insisted on remembering him. Reaumur came and Celsius, who designed the more scientific Centigrade thermometer, but it is of old Fahrenheit we think when we speak of the heat-wave with 85 degrees in the shade, or 20 degrees below zero in a cold snap. We all know what these figures mean without calculating further. They are just Fahrenheit.

#### He Knew Newton

If old Daniel Gabriel could come back to the shades of the moon (and the sun) he would be as surprised as pleased. How could he have expected such universal fame? He had been trained for a merchant, but was caught up in the wave of enthusiasm for science then sweeping over Europe. Galileo had not long been dead, and Isaac Newton had been born in the year his star had set.

This was the time when England had established its Royal Society and Leeuwenhoek had discovered with his microscopes the first bacteria. Science was everywhere, in France and Germany and Holland, and Fahrenheit became a pilgrim to its shrines. He knew Sir Isaac Newton.

But he was only a humble attendant in the temple. Not for him were great discoveries, though in Amsterdam where he settled he mingled with the best. He was the handy man in their laboratories. He made the instruments for them to proceed with their measurements, which, as Sir Isaac knew, were the foundation of discovery.

#### The Right Idea

He made thermometers, barometers, and hygrometers. There were thermometers before his. Galileo had invented one 80 years before, an open tube with liquid in it. Newton had bettered it by employing liquid oil. Halley (of the comet) had ideas of what a thermometer should be. But till Fahrenheit took the matter in hand the best thermometers were of spirits of wine, and were as untrustworthy as some other products of alcohol. Some makers had thought of mercury but rejected it because it was impure.

Fahrenheit had the right idea. He purified the quicksilver, and the first truthful thermometer was born. His mercury did not stick to the tube, or evaporate, or in any other way prove unworthy.

But this promising infant thermometer, destined to be the ancestor of millions of thermometers, had to grow up before science could make use of it. It had to be graduated. We know all about measuring hotness today. But then degrees of heat had to be worked out.

#### Queer Ideas About Temperature

A top and bottom temperature had to be found for the thermometer, and in those days ideas about either were rather childish. Some grave men of science had put the bottom degree of cold as that of the coldest day they could remember; but as memories about the weather are generally short, even among the wisest, this was not a very satisfactory standard. The scientists were in better agreement about a standard top temperature, which they fixed on as the body temperature of cattle or deer. But anyone who wanted to graduate a thermometer could not

always find a cow at hand, and deer were still harder to come by.

Isaac Newton had thought out something more sensible and constant, the temperature when ice begins to form, and the heat of the human body. Between them was a fixed interval which he divided into twelve degrees.

But Fahrenheit improved on even the great Sir Isaac: and here we may note that he must not be thought of as merely a clever instrument maker with a good idea. He did some fine work in experimenting with temperatures, and left it as his little corner-stone in the temple of science. He found a lower temperature than freezing water by mixing ice and salt, and that he fixed as the thermometer's zero. He divided the interval between that and body heat by 24 degrees.

#### The Test of Centuries

Then, pushing on, he calculated that water at ordinary atmospheric pressure would boil at 53 degrees on his scale; and presently, for the sake of finer measurement, multiplied his degrees by four. Thus the freezing point of water (or melting point of ice) now became 32 instead of 8; the body temperature became 96, and the boiling point of water became 212. Today we put the body temperature about 2 degrees higher, but Fahrenheit's 32 and 212 have stood the test of the centuries.

He had his imitators, Reaumur, a Frenchman, whose scheme was to call the freezing point zero and boiling point 80; and Celsius, the Swedish astronomer, who turned things upside-down, calling the boiling point zero and the freezing point 100. Afterwards the French scientists, seizing eagerly on anything on the decimal scale, adopted Celsius for their own, reversing his thermometer again and calling it Centigrade.

#### Our Familiar Friend

They added a good deal of confusion to our lives, for, though we acknowledge the French logic, we have in Great Britain, and in the United States as well, an old-fashioned attachment to the measures we learnt first. When the scientific people tell us that the temperature is 30 degrees Centigrade we have to multiply by 9, divide by 5, and add 32 before we realise that the heat-wave is on us with a temperature of 86 degrees Fahrenheit.

So old Fahrenheit is still our familiar friend. He was not very successful while he lived, for his dearest invention was a machine for drying out land, which would have brought him a fortune in Holland if it had worked. It did not. But he discovered that the boiling point of water varied with atmospheric pressure, and this afterwards proved a starting point in the science of very low temperatures. And today his name is oftener mentioned than that of any Empire builder or world wrecker.

## MAKING VITAMINS

### Important News

Vitamins, the mysterious auxiliary food substances which play so important a part in building and maintaining the animal body, are to be manufactured on a large scale at a new factory to be built at Welwyn.

The concern is British, but in close touch with famous chemists abroad. The modern plant is to be housed in fine buildings on a five-acre site.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of vitamins. Wild animals find no difficulty in obtaining them because they exist on natural living food. It is the artificial character of much of our diet which makes the study of vitamins so important.

## MILK IS BEST

### A BOOM IN BARS

#### Good News From a Farmhouse in the Lake Country

#### TRANSFORMATION OF ASPATRIA

Milk is Best. It is good news that Milk Bars are opening in hundreds throughout the country.

Already there are nearly 500, and a syndicate has been started to open 500 more in and around London. Stalwart young men, we read, think nothing of standing at a milk bar drinking a glass of milk, knowing that it is much healthier for them than beer.

There is another piece of good news from the milk world, nothing less than the transformation of a little-known Lakeland village into a highly prosperous seat of industry.

#### The Village Grows

Two years ago the Milk Marketing Board, in an emergency to find something to do with surplus milk in the North, acquired a farmhouse at Aspatria, a tiny Cumberland village hidden away in Lakeland, three miles along the road from Maryport to Carlisle, overlooking the pretty River Ellen.

Now it is a thriving little agricultural town that will soon be one of the most important cheese centres in the country.

At its Aspatria factory the Milk Marketing Board converted its unsold milk into cheese. The original cheese factory proved inadequate to meet the increasing work, so last year an extension was built and a plant for making Cheddar cheese installed. Within a few months the premises again called for extension. So promising was the future of Aspatria as a centre for this new industry that the Board held a meeting and decided to extend its activities and include butter-making as well as cheese-making in Aspatria's future.

#### New Industries

Modern scientific plant is now being installed for separating milk and pasteurising, ripening, and churning cream; refrigerating and cold storage apparatus is also being put in. The new factory will convert between 7000 and 8000 gallons of milk a day into cheese, and separate milk at the rate of 2000 gallons an hour to provide cream for its butter-making. The butter-making department is being fitted out with all possible speed, and it is hoped to complete it this year.

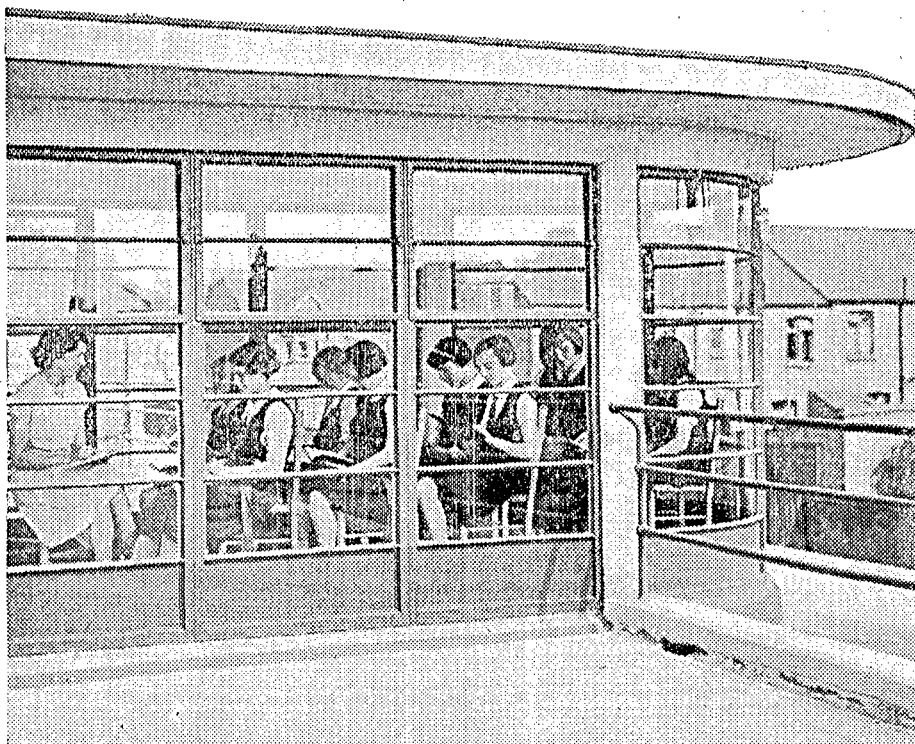
The by-products of the vast amount of milk dealt with at Aspatria are also opening up new industries for the future. The whey and separated milk produced so far has been used for pig foods, and there is now being raised a modern plant for utilising these by-products. This plant will be able to treat whey at the rate of 800 gallons an hour in two stages, concentrating the whey and drying it on rollers, and then grinding it and packing it in bags for cattle food.

#### 10,000 Gallons a Day

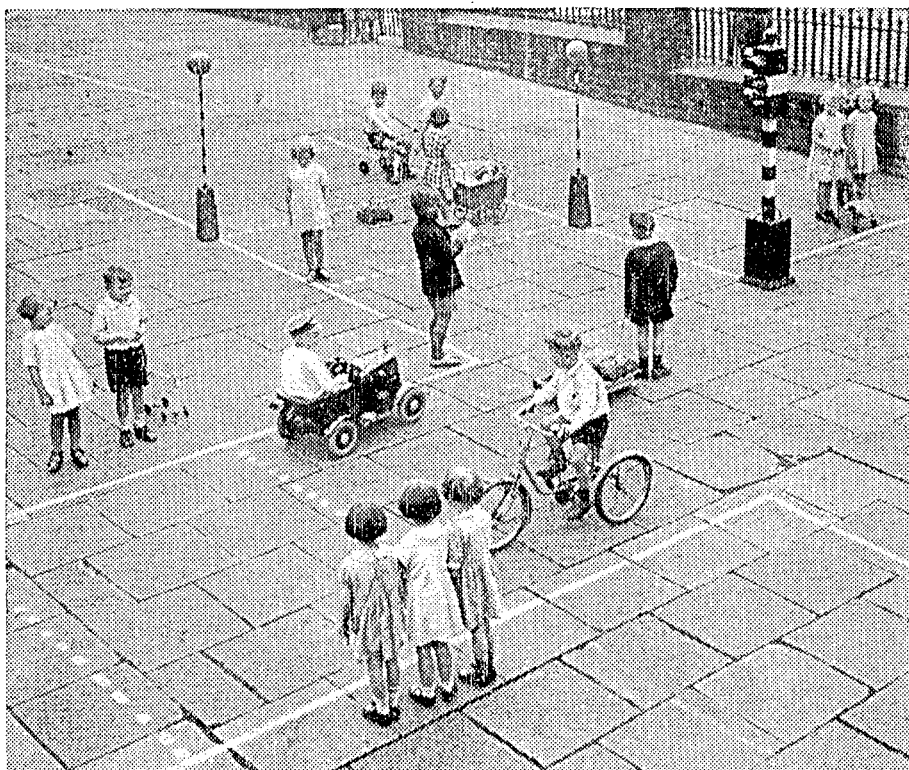
The separated milk left over by the butter-making factory will also be treated by this plant. This if not sold in its fresh state will be refrigerated. It is hoped to have this plant working by the end of the year. By that time the Milk Marketing Board's Aspatria factory will be one of the most modern and comprehensive in the country and Aspatria will be fairly well on the map. "Aspatria will quickly become a landmark of the milk industry in the North of England," says an official of the Milk Board. "During the present summer the daily intake of milk at the factory has considerably exceeded the 10,000 gallons a day mark, the whole having been converted into Cheddar cheese." Aspatria cheese is to be sold under the National Mark, and also under its own special brand, E. H.



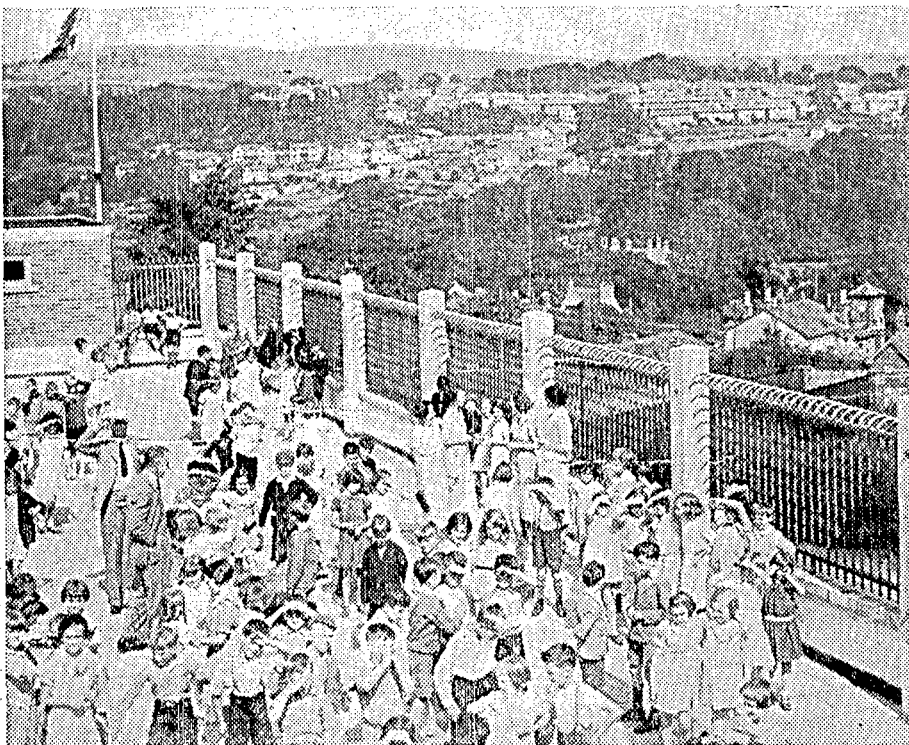
## Schooldays Are Happy Days



A sunshine classroom at Ilford



A traffic lesson in the playground of a school at Nelson in Lancashire



The rooftop playground of a new school at Pontypool in Monmouthshire

## SOMETHING NEW IN THE GARDEN

### Nature's Power To Evolve Fresh Varieties

#### THE PERSEVERING BOTANIST

An obliging busy bee having carried the pollen of an almond tree to the blossoms of a peach tree in a Hungarian nursery garden, the result on the visited tree is peaches with a strong almond flavour.

The happy owner, a gardener of note, is confident that his peach tree will remain true to the conditions introduced by his winged ally, and hopes to have fruit for sale next year, and cuttings of the tree itself in due course.

As we have already read in the C.N., famous varieties of apples, now widespread in our gardens and orchards, have arisen from single trees, with characteristics which endure although unexplained. We have told how the action of bees converted a common self-sown kale into thousand-headed kale, a wonderful food for sheep and cattle, now widely grown; and our fruit and vegetables have many parallels.

#### The Seedless Orange

Our best strawberries, the Royal Sovereign and the Paxton, derived each from a single plant; the seedless orange from a single tree, from whose branches cuttings have been distributed far and near. Potatoes of high fame and price resulted from a single root remarkable for size, number, and quality of tubers.

The flower garden has a host of such romances to reveal to those who seek its story. Many of its glories are the fruit of human effort reinforcing Nature's power to evolve varieties. When our grandparents were first taken into their garden there was only one species of geranium, a mean little plant whose trade name was Scarlet, for there were none but scarlet geraniums.

Henry Cannell of Swanley in Kent, a clever botanist, set out to create new varieties of geraniums. His goal was a white. For years he experimented with cross fertilisations in his greenhouses, and for years he had all the local growers similarly engaged on his behalf. He paid them for their labour, bought their plants, and sold thousands.

#### Our First White Geranium

New shades and patterns of bloom were constantly cropping up, but not the white. At last either he or one of his associate growers conveyed the pollen of a pink geranium to one of the old reds, and the white geranium was born. All white geraniums come from that plant.

The geranium came to us from Africa, and the Colonial Office used to send African visitors down to the Swanley nursery to meet the man who had brought out the long-sought white, and to their astonishment he would show them a vast range of geraniums of the varieties he had produced from the original stock, the common scarlet which had come from the Dark Continent.

## RUSSIA IN THE AIR

### In Peace and in War

The growth of aviation in Soviet Russia is remarkable.

In peace her air lines have grown from a mere 250 miles in 1923 to 19,000 miles in 1932 and to 59,000 miles this year. Passengers are now being moved by air at the rate of 160,000 a year.

The Moscow-Vladivostok air route is the longest of all national land lines. It covers 5000 miles and links up the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

For war purposes the Soviet Union is making pioneer experiments. Among many other things the Russian Army can now transport a battalion of troops by aeroplane and parachute.

## WHEN PETROL FAILS

### Shall We Go Back To Horses and Sailing Ships?

Attention has been drawn by Sir John Cadman, a leading authority on the subject, to the fact that the present enormous consumption of petrol must lead at no distant date to the exhaustion of the world's supplies.

Similar fears have been felt about coal, but of course with a vastly longer life as the term of the mines; yet more and more coal is discovered, and the probable date of its exhaustion deferred.

Petroleum is so much more rapidly obtained and consumed than coal that the life of the oilfields cannot be as long as that of the solid fuel, and scientists have imagined a future when, all the coal and oil having been consumed, we shall be driven back to animal traction on land, and to reliance again on winds at sea for the moving of our ships.

But inventors will have discovered new ways of generating and storing electric current before that day comes. We have already had experience in this country, in time of war, of the hardship arising from insufficiency of coal and fuel oil. During the Great War coal, as well as food, was rationed, and gas was doled out, according to the number of rooms occupied in a house, with as strict a rule as the amount of meat and sugar we were allowed to buy.

#### Buses Run By Steam

Users of cars were equally affected. Some made good the absence of petrol by using ordinary coal-gas, which they carried in cylinders or in rubber containers fixed to the roof of the vehicle. Many buses were run by steam, as they might be again if necessity arose.

It is inevitable that we should come in time to the end of our oil resources; but the end will not be sudden; there will be a slowing down in yield, accompanied by a great rise in price, compelling research for new forms of energy. Cars will still run, on steam, on pulverised coke, on gas, on electric current, or by means not yet apparent. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the need will bring the remedy for the shortage which we all know must eventually confront the world with a new and startling problem.

## THE GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE OMNIBUS

### Spends the Night at the Police Station

Swanley Garage lost a bus; which is not an easy thing to do, especially when it is a double-decker of the London Transport service.

But this was a bus of adventure. It was standing outside the Swanley Garage, its day's work done, waiting for the cleaners, when a passenger appeared and asked about the time of the next bus to London. They told him the last bus had gone.

The passenger had other views. When no one was looking he took the bus, and made it the last bus home. When the garage people looked round there was no bus. They reported it missing, strayed, or stolen to the police—and clearly went to the right place, for the next time the bus was seen it was waiting outside Ealing Police Station.

It was empty. The police hopefully waited for the passenger to return. But he never came, and the lost bus was driven back to its garage.

What had happened was that the passenger had taken the last bus home. When it had taken him far enough on his way he politely left it at the police station, as the proper place for missing articles. He was evidently a man of resource, but he forgot to leave the fare.

To any Litter Lout

The Street is Not Your Dustbin



## NO CAUSE FOR DESPAIR

### League of Nations Report on World Trade

#### THE MENACE OF OUR DAYS

Reports on world trade are difficult to issue promptly, for the material to be examined is enormous.

The League of Nations does well, therefore, to give us a Review of World Trade for 1935 as early as September 1936.

For 1935 the League verdict is that the volume of world trade was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent bigger than that of 1934, although it remained nearly a fifth less than in 1929. This improvement was shown in all the three chief groups of commodities: foodstuffs, raw materials, and manufactured articles.

The chief nations to increase their share of world export last year were Britain, America, Germany, and Japan. French exports fell heavily, as of course did those of Italy.

Apart from this review, we know that production in many countries has again increased this year, and that employment is better, not only in Britain, but in Germany, America, Belgium, Poland, and several other lands. And so prices have risen through better demand.

#### Arms and Men

The question remains, what part has been played recently by the demand for bigger armaments? How much of the new advance is due to fears of war, which if realised would mean another economic setback? It is impossible to answer this serious question with certainty, but it seems to be true that there has been a genuine advance of industry and trade apart from Government orders, and despite of fears.

Wisdom and courage the world sorely needs in these days of strife, but we need not lose faith. Mankind has won through before, and will assuredly do so again. There is no foundation for the belief that our times, however troubled, witness a graver menace than has existed in many former periods of historical development. There is every ground for caution, but none for despair.

## TRAMS OUT OF DATE

### Trolley Buses Take Their Place

Paris has scrapped her trams, and London is fast following suit.

This year 670 new trolley buses are being supplied to replace trams in Greater London, and already the trams have disappeared from over 34 miles of London streets since January. Eleven more routes are to be changed for the better method of transport during the next few weeks, and by 1939 it is hoped that trolley buses will be running instead of trams on 200 miles of roads.

Passengers on the trolley buses have increased by more than 20 per cent, and on the Paddington-Sudbury road they reach their destination six minutes earlier than when they travelled by tram.

What becomes of the old tramcars? They are certainly cumbersome things to throw on the scrap heap, but they are not wasted. Each unwanted tram is broken up, and new uses are found for the parts, some of which are sold to metal brokers.

## 1 2 3

29,914 motor-cars and taxis were produced in Britain during June.

908,185 passengers travelled by U.S.A. air lines last year.

13,569,287 tons of coal were exported by Germany in the first half of this year.

92,557,000 tons of merchandise and mineral traffic were carried by British railways in 1935.

1403,000,000 units of electricity were generated in Great Britain during July.

## THE GREEN-EATER'S YEAR BOOK

### The Gentle Art of Cooking Vegetables

#### HOW GOOD FOOD IS SPOILED

The Green-Eater's Year Book lies on our desk. It has a cool green cover and uses green ink. From January to December, Vegetable Recipes Month by Month is its name. It contains four suggestions for Green-Eaters for each month, and also some very good news.

"We are definitely eating more vegetables today than we did a few years ago (it says). Today we are growing vegetables in England which could previously only be obtained from abroad, and each year some new variety is added to the already long list of home-grown vegetables. . . . These vegetables have the great advantage of freshness—they come straight from the ground to your saucepan."

#### September Dishes

And yet, with so many good things to be had, we are still not eating as many vegetables as we should. The Vegetables Publicity Committee, of 68 Victoria Street, S.W.1, think it must be because we do not know how to prepare them; so they have prepared this little booklet of suggestions.

Under the September heading it gives cream of leek soup. The right way of making is explained in eight lines; except that they say use stock, which makes it nicer of course, though water will do quite as well. Farced mushrooms, delicious! Braised lettuce, very delicate. Braised spinach, so tasty that no one could refuse it. In December it tells of two ways to transform cabbage from a painful necessity to a gastronomic treat. It tells about watercress soup, about broad beans in butter (with that tough outer skin peeled off, and chopped parsley on top).

#### A C.N. Recipe

One thing it leaves out is the beautiful purple aubergine. Before they vanish from the stalls, buy a couple and cook them by the C.N.'s own recipe, an adaptation of an old one from Greece.

Peel and chop, roughly, two onions and four tomatoes. Put the onions in three tablespoons of warm butter, or olive oil, and stew gently. Hold the aubergines over a flame until the peel softens, turning them about to warm evenly. The peel then comes off easily. Put the peeled aubergines, sliced\* or whole, in the saucepan with the onions, add salt, pepper, and a bay-leaf. Turn them so that they are oiled on all sides, put the tomatoes on top, and stew gently for an hour. Serve hot or cold with a little lemon juice squeezed over them.

#### Rough Treatment

While the Vegetables Publicity Committee is improving our cookery, we think a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vegetables should be formed among greengrocers. They so often have lovely produce for sale, but injure it by rough handling.

We were heartily in sympathy with the customer in a transaction we watched in one of the humbler quarters of London the other day. Unblemished, tender, fresh lettuces were exposed for sale outside a shop. A lady stopped, pointed to an exceptionally lovely one, and said she would take it. The greengrocer grabbed it as if it had been a coconut, thrust it into a paper bag which he swung around on itself several times to twist up the corners, thus bruising at least three layers of leaves of the lettuce inside.

"You have spoiled that one," said the customer. "I don't want it. I will take this one instead, if you can manage to wrap it without ruining it. Treat it like an orchid; it is as beautiful."

The man grinned and did as she said. We hope he learned his lesson.

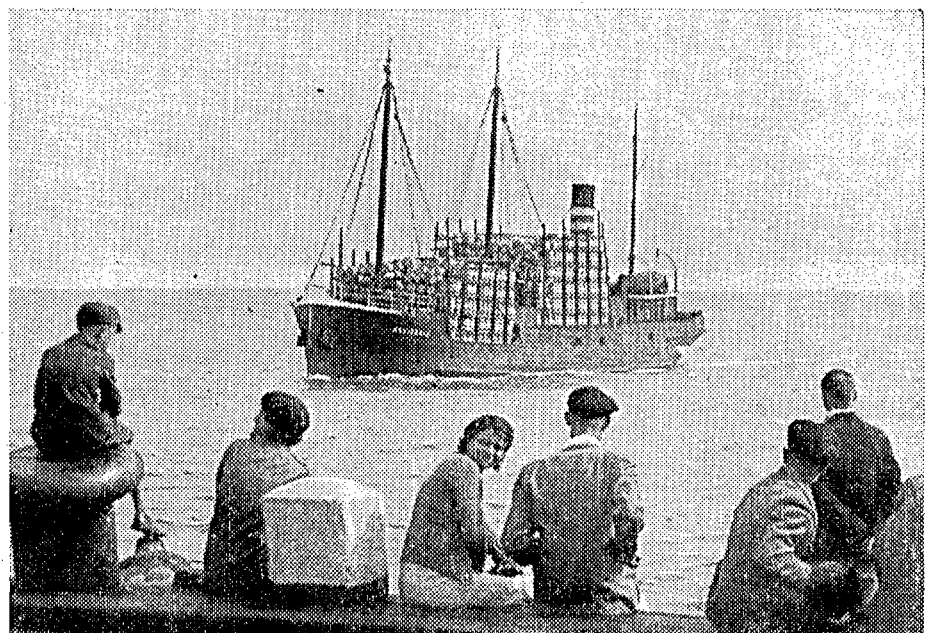
## The Workaday World Afloat



Fishing nets hanging out to dry at Volendam in Holland



A curious craft for cutting weeds in a lake near Thorpeness



A big cargo of empty barrels arriving for the herring season at Yarmouth



## NATURE KNOWS HER BUSINESS

### TALE OF A LAWN

The Worms, the Birds, and  
the Rich Pear Trees

### LET WELL ALONE

More stories of the ravages of grey squirrels are finding their way into the papers, and a new urgency is given to the Government's appeal to land-owners to exterminate these little pests.

At the same time a searching inquiry is being made into the habits of that other imported alien the little owl, concerning whom tales of atrocities at the expense of our native singers and catchers of insects are being told.

The crusade against these two creatures has caused an appeal to be issued imploring lovers of foreign birds and animals not to liberate fresh ones without consulting expert authority. We upset the balance of Nature by these introductions, and a grown-up reader tells us of an experience which carries a warning against such a practice.

### Nature's Underground Engineers

His lawn was formed from ancient pasture, and it took years to rid the turf of the docks, daisies, plantains, thistles, and dandelions, which had long grown and seeded there. But patience and industry won in the end, and the lawn was fair to see on all accounts but one.

Countless worms lived in the turf, their little heaps of moist earth making the lawn unsightly, and unpleasant to walk on when damp prevented their being swept away. The owner resisted for many years the petition of his gardener for the right to kill the worms with chemicals, for he argued that, the lawn being on clay, the action of the worms was beneficial to the turf, keeping the subsoil open and fertilised.

At last he was persuaded against his will, and an almost incredible multitude of worms was destroyed. In the following year the lawn looked splendid, but in the two following years it began to deteriorate. The lawn, no longer drained and aerated by the little underground engineers, grew sour and poor. The grass slowly yielded place to moss and other parasite growths. That was punishment enough, but more was to follow.

### Food For the Birds

The garden was always a favoured haunt of birds, which, with their ration of food and water richly supplemented by the teeming worm population of the lawn, behaved with unfailing magnanimity to the pears, of which they would take not more than half a dozen in the course of the summer.

This year, with the lawn destitute of worms, they have exacted vengeance, descending on the pears with such voracity that there seems little likelihood of the unhappy owner saving a basketful where he had hoped for a great harvest. The sickly lawn has lost its miners and the birds a great addition to their food, and he bemoans the loss of his pears.

Truly Nature seems to know her business, and we challenge her at our cost.

## A BLACKSMITH TAKES UP HIS PEN

### Mr Cressey and His Wonderful Book

There is a Yorkshire blacksmith who swings a ten-pound hammer every day and goes home every night to make a book beautiful which will be a joy for ever.

He is Mr Tom Cressey of Burley, near Leeds. He has had no education, and began work as an errand boy when he was 12. Now, at 56, he has a fine record of service in the Boer War and the Great War; and, though a blacksmith, he has written for a Yorkshire newspaper, and has nearly 900 books on his shelves.

With his hard rough hand Longfellow's blacksmith wiped a tear out of his eye, but this Yorkshire blacksmith takes up a pen and devotes hour after hour to a single page of a book which will have about 150 quarto sheets when complete. Every page has at least 50 lines, and every line is a beautiful example of blackletter printing, with little flourishes here and there, and elaborate initials. There are exquisite illustrations, paragraphs of Yorkshire reminiscences, stories of the war years, and verses, all original. There is a poetic tribute to Mr Cressey's mother, another to his two boys, and one to a fellow blacksmith who died in 1934. We read:

*There at the anvil cunning craft gave birth,  
Fashioning some subtle shape in glowing steel;*

*But not in this saw I thy better worth:  
Twas that thy hand could help, thy heart could feel.*

Humour finds a place in this book, the work of a blacksmith-artist whose easel is the kitchen table, and on the title page is a satyr scattering a handful of punctuation marks—Mr Cressey's confession that commas and stops have always been his weakness.

### A CONCERT AT THE CUSTOMS

The other day a Britisher arrived by sea at the Customs barrier in Venice with a portable gramophone and a dozen records in his baggage.

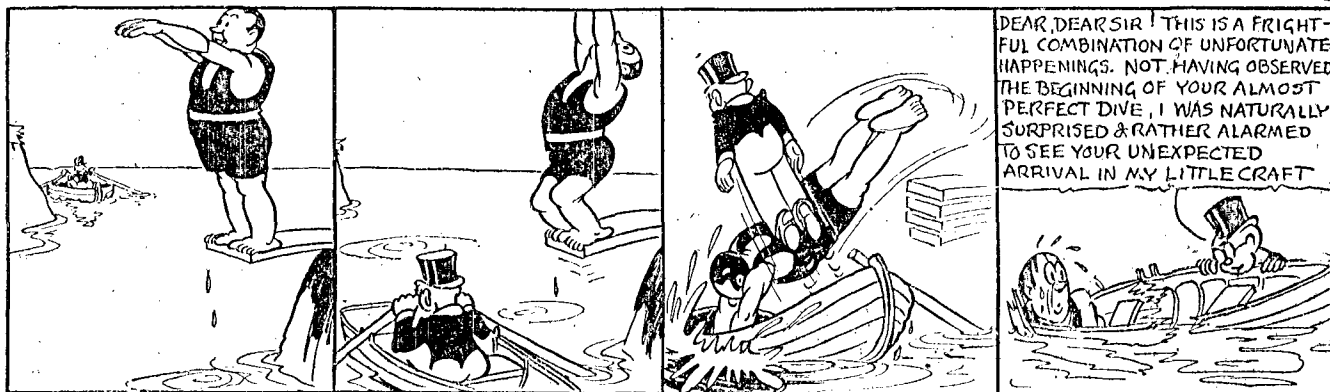
When he declared these the authorities became suspicious that he was trying to smuggle seditious propaganda into the country. They insisted that he should unpack all his records, wind up the gramophone, and play through the whole of the 24 tunes represented, while the officials stood around in tense silence to note whether any word uttered could be interpreted as treason.

All went well, and everyone apparently enjoyed the concert.

### Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	185 hrs.	Tynemouth	2.83 ins.
Rainfall	47 ins.	Aberdeen	1.41 ins.
Dry days	25	Chester	1.29 ins.
Wet days	6	Gorleston	1.06 ins.
Coldest day	7th	Birmingham	.47 ins.
Wettest day	10th	Falmouth	.47 ins.
Warmest days	29, 30	Southampton	.23 ins.

## A Few Words From Theophilus



## CAN AESOP HAVE BEEN WRONG?

### A Sneer 2500 Years Old

Was the boaster right and Aesop wrong, and was the fabled jump an actual reality?

Facts about the marvellous high-jumping feats of an African tribe suggest a reconsideration of the subject.

The fable tells of a boastful traveller who made such a jump in Rhodes that no man had ever been able to equal it. For proof there were many people in Rhodes whom he could call as witnesses. To all this a bystander retorted, "If this is true there is no need of witnesses. Suppose this place to be Rhodes; now for your leap."

A member of the wonderful Watusi tribe of the highlands lying north-east of Lake Tanganyika might be as abashed if we bade him repeat here the incredible feats with which he is accredited at home.

The question of the jumps of these natives has been raised in our grown-up papers, and Mr F. W. H. Migeod writes to The Times stating that the figures given are not exaggerated. Whereas the best white athletes clear just over 6 feet 7 inches, these natives have performed leaps of over seven feet.

But apparently they could not clear the bar set at that figure away from their native surroundings. They are slim, tall men, many of them well over six feet high; they live entirely on the cattle which form their riches, and, their days being passed on an elevated plateau, they would suffer seriously in health if transported to lower altitudes and to a different climate.

Obviously, then, if they were brought away from Africa they would be incapable of performing their mighty jumps before us, and we must be willing to accept it as a traveller's tale which may be true at home and not abroad.

### BANG

Huddersfield is silently making bangs for Coronation Day.

Its firework factory is working at top speed, and orders for set pieces are being received from all over the country, some of the bigger towns and cities planning displays which will send between £200 and £300 up in smoke and stars in a few minutes.

Representations of the Queen Mary and portraits of King Edward are among the favourite set pieces; and it is confidently believed that the Coronation displays will beat anything the fireworks experts have ever given us before.

### A FISHING-LINE OF GLASS

Many new uses for glass have been described in the C.N., but perhaps the most curious application of the modern flexible glass is to fishing-lines.

A new fishing-line of fibrous glass is being experimented with in the United States. At the first test a three-pound salmon was caught on the end of a glass line by a boy fisherman, who was very proud to be the first person in the world to haul in a fish on a pure glass thread.

## On Diving

## THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN

### £1000 a Month From His Rubbish

### SHEFFIELD'S GOOD DEED

Perhaps all unrealised by himself the dustman is a gold digger. He has brought £12,500 to Sheffield out of the dustbins.

Sheffield is one of the foremost examples of the profit to be made out of things thrown away. It got out of the dustbins cleared by its dustmen 32 tons of fat, 31 tons of soap, and 68 tons of rugs and carpets. Soap from the refuse of what is too often the insanitary bin is like the good act that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust.

But more remains behind. From cinders and coke the town mined £5391. Some 2500 tons of scrap iron and tins thrown away brought in £3000. People who throw away sardine tins and those which held canned peaches may ponder over the fact that Sheffield finds them worth more than £1 a ton. Paper, matting, and ropes add half as much again; and so keen is Sheffield's appreciation of the contents of the dustbin that last year it collected 9000 tons of it—more than ever before and relieved the rates of another £3000 thereby.

### A Lesson For London

What Sheffield does today all England should do tomorrow. The Yorkshire town has gone to the expense of laying down a scientific plant for dealing with rubbish and converting it into coin of the realm. Manchester, with a population half as large again, makes £10,000 a year out of its rubbish.

Some of the London boroughs dump their rubbish far down the Thames estuary, where it pours out its odours to high heaven.

Westminster has a refuse apparatus which is improving the situation, but the proud old City of London sells only tins and the best paper. Its exclusiveness reduces its income from this source to about £600 a year.

The capital of the Empire has still a lot to learn.

## AN ELEPHANT AND 16 PEOPLE

### Exciting Moment in Uganda

The Murchison Falls on the Victoria Nile, a short distance from Lake Albert, Uganda, was the scene of a very narrow escape by a party of 16 visitors not long ago.

They had landed from a steamer and were climbing to the summit of the falls when a herd of elephant appeared. One had several calves with her. At the sight of the visitors she squealed with rage, and a bull elephant came to her call.

With trunk uplifted and ears flapping he came for the visitors. The path was narrow and there seemed no way of escape. Fortunately the native scout in charge of the party did not lose his presence of mind. He flung his rifle to his shoulder and pressed the trigger. It was a misfire, but the second shot brought the animal to his knees, and a third shot killed him.

It is understood that this brave African is to be rewarded for his coolness and presence of mind, for a young bull elephant is a most dangerous creature.

A further party reports that when they passed the carcass of the elephant some days later the river was simply packed with crocodiles which had apparently come for the feast, while hyenas and vultures were innumerable. Lions had also been present, for several dead crocodiles were seen torn to pieces and there was evidence of a terrific struggle.



# THE PICKERS ARE BUSY IN THE HOPFIELDS OF KENT

ONCE more the strange annual procession has been seen on the roads of Kent, along which a motley crowd, packed in horse-drawn carts, in motor-cars and motor-vans, on cycles and on drays, has just been riding down to the hopfields.

A merry crowd it is, fathers and mothers and their families, eager for the holiday which the ripening of the hops brings for them. They live a week or two in the garden of Kent, picking half the hops that are grown in England, and then go home again; they have had the time of the year for them, in spite of all.

## The Valuable Resins

THE hopfields have been called the vineyards of Kent; they are the equivalent of the grape-growing areas in the south of France. Instead of the juice of a grape, however, the be-all and end-all of the hop is a cone with resins which, devised by Nature for the protection of the seeds, are secreted by glands at the base of the scales composing the cone. It is these resins for which the buyer ultimately pays; in them are the flavouring and preservative qualities from which the hop derives its market value.

To secure this essential little from so great a mass is a task involving high cultivation of 18,000 of the country's richest acres (of which Kent has over half) and the employment of labour, as in the vineyards of other lands, practically all the year round.

The hop is a perennial climbing and twining plant, its stem a bine, its fruit a cone of green scales. On heavy clay land the plants may need renewal say in ten or twelve years, but in the rich deep loams disciplined growth continues from year to year indefinitely; the bines die off each autumn, but the stout branching underground rootstock sleeps through the winter and survives.

## Intensive Cultivation

IN planting a new hop garden the farmer expects a small yield in the first year, a half-crop in the second, and full measure in the third. In the old days the farmer would have to put up 2400 or 3600 poles on every acre for his hops to climb, but the modern system saves nearly all these and uses only 100 to 200 poles to the acre, linked at the tops by wire, of which some thousands of yards (or from 7 to 8 cwt) is required for each acre. For this area from 900 to 1200 plants (or hop sets) are planted, each in what is called a hill.

Hops are voracious feeders and require a generously balanced diet of nitrogen, potash, phosphates, and the usual plant foods. So rich is the soil that when a hop garden becomes an orchard it often happens that the fruit trees grow too vigorously, producing too much wood with fruit of poor quality. It is one of the romances of these fields, though not peculiar to hops, that an important element of this diet is obtained from pulverised rock containing fossilised life-forms by which North Africa was possessed millions of years ago. *The prehistoric lords of the Dark Continent are phosphates to the Kent hop-grower.*

## Much Labour By Hand

FERTILISERS are applied in the autumn and the spring, as an accompaniment to ploughing, digging, and hoeing, much of it hand labour. When all that can be done for the health and enrichment of the soil is completed in the spring, the hop garden has next to be strung to afford the bines a track along which to climb toward the sun. Africa having provided part of the plant's food supply, Ceylon now furnishes the string, a stout coir yarn made from coconut fibre.

Then follows the training of the plants, which start to grow in early May. These throw up, say, 20 shoots from each

Continued in the last column



Children of the hop-pickers returning from the fields

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION SAYS

We take these sayings from the speeches and papers of the British Association at Blackpool.

### What is Education?

The final goal of education is not the capacity to earn one's bread or to live in a community, though these are included in it, but the making of human beings. Body, character, and reason make the man.

For this reason Sir Richard Livingstone would have education continue after the boy or girl has left school, even after the age of 18. The Worker's Educational Association and Extension Lectures show what can be done, but education for all men and women is what is needed. Teachers and doctors take adult courses. Politicians might take the opportunity for systematic thought about their problems.

### Mapping the Old Country

Before Brigadier H. S. L. Winterbotham described to the geographers the mapping of Greater Britain he had a word to say about an omission in the mapping of the British Isles.

For over a century we knew ourselves as the best-mapped country in the world. We tackled India and Africa as well. Then came the war, and we let our map-making fall into a depression, and forgot its purpose to help the work and the play of the nation as a whole.

For example, no revision of the plans shows the railway system of the Kent coalfields, or records the growth of Scunthorpe. On what maps may we study the growth of industrialism in the south, or where look for the expansion of Birmingham? What plans of the Highlands will explain in detail the water-power schemes of today?

### Drought and Malaria

In the course of Mr C. R. Fay's survey of the tea plantations of India and Ceylon he referred to the recent great malaria epidemic which in a year and a quarter destroyed 100,000 lives in Ceylon. To it was joined famine, and the cause of both was the abnormal drought of 1934 and 1935, which reduced strongly-flowing rivers to stagnant pools. In these the malarial mosquito found an ideal breeding ground.

All but the higher situated tea plantations were affected, and at the height of the epidemic in certain regions every other person was affected. Many preventive measures have been taken

to deal with the mosquito, and Colonel Gill of the Indian Medical Service believes that if these are rightly carried out the prevention of such malaria epidemics is practicable.

### Man the Thinking Animal

In speaking of Darwin's Natural Selection as a cog in the wheel of evolutionary progress, Professor Julian Huxley said that only in Man is progress and its future possibility being continued.

If man were wiped out it is in the highest degree improbable that the step to "thought" would again be taken even by his nearest relatives. In the ten or twenty million years since his ancestral stock branched off these relatives have been forced into their own lines of specialisation, and have quite left behind them the stage from which a conscious-thinking creature could naturally develop.

### The Origin of Soils

Surface soils are produced from the parent materials below them. But, according to Professor Hendrick, the Russians have shown that soil from the same materials will differ according as to whether it is produced in a hot or cold climate, in a moist or an arid one. Soils depend not on the geological formation beneath them, but on climate.

The soil is not an asset which is wasted by use, but, wisely used, increases rather than diminishes in value. There are soils which have been used for thousands of years, since man began cultivation, yet are still fertile.

### Engineering in Peace & War

In its purest form engineering is the greatest instrument of civilisation the world has ever seen, Professor William Cramp told the engineers.

Three-fourths of the work of the engineer is devoted to the development of communication. Roads, canals, bridges, railways, harbours, ships, motor-cars, aeroplanes, telegraphs, telephones, television, all these and many more are humanity's hyphens. Their natural effect is to foster friendliness and dissolve differences. Left undisturbed by the politician, the scaremonger, and the patriot, the engineer would render war impossible.

But while for the promotion of peace and understanding engineering out-classes most religions, for battle, murder, and sudden death it has no equal.

Continued from column 1

root, but this number is reduced to about eight, two for each string, the remainder being deftly pulled out.

It is a great business involving much care and labour and material. With 1200 plants to the acre, each allowed to mature eight bines, and allotting two bines to each string (12 to 14 feet long), something like ten miles of string may be used for each acre.

Four strings serve for each hill, but instead of being strung vertically from the wire they are looped halfway, so that the upper halves branch out like a fan, only the lower parts being upright. This enables the bines to secure more sun and air than if permitted to climb in straight lines.

From May onwards women train the bines in the way they should go, inducing them to perform their spiral climbing in such a way as to follow the scheme of the strings, and so obtain the maximum advantage of space and sunshine. Perhaps it will interest us all to know that the hop twines with the sun; the runner bean in the opposite direction.

### Growth of a Foot in a Day

GIVEN a good summer the farmer may literally see his hops grow. No English growth excels the progress of hops in favourable conditions. Between May and midsummer they develop a length of 15 to 20 feet, and when the rush of growth is at its height they seem to compress into the hours between a single dawn and sunset the work of half a season—sometimes nearly a foot on a bright humid day.

All having gone well, the acre with its 1200 plants has nearly 10,000 bines up the string, covered with hop-cones, and at the beginning of September, if the sun has been kind, the hops are ripe.

The pickers are paid at the rate of so many bushels to the shilling, the price being fixed early in the season and called the Tally. A good picker can earn from 3s 6d to five shillings a day.

The hop-cones are taken to the kilns (what most of us call oasts), where for three weeks work proceeds day and night. The latest practice dispenses with a fire beneath the heating-floor of the oast-house, substituting outdoor furnaces from which hot air is forced in by fan.

### On the Drying-Floors

FROM 400 to 600 bushels of green cones are spread on drying-floors, each floor 20 feet square, where the temperature is gradually raised from 90 to 140 degrees. During their nine-hours drying the cones give off so much moisture as to lose 80 per cent of their weight. When the drying begins a small quantity of sulphur is burnt in the kiln, slightly bleaching the hops, on which the fumes are supposed to have a preservative effect. The drying ended, the cones are removed to the adjoining cooling chamber, and there eventually shovelled through a hole in the floor into which is fitted a hop pocket, a sack 8 feet long by 2 feet. A screw press reduces them to the narrowest capacity, so that each pocket contains about 120 to 140 bushels of green hops (a hundredweight and a half) ready for the market.

### The Harvest Home

It remains now only to send them up to London, and one of the most familiar sights on the Kent roads is the sight of the great lorries stacked with the tightly packed hessian cylinders containing the hopfield's harvest. Work at once begins again in the gardens, where the dead bines with their miles of string must be cut down and burnt, tillage resumed, and all left neat and garnished, with the poles and wire stripped and braced in readiness for the coming onslaught of the winter gales.

From first to last, including the picking, the farmer has spent £60 an acre on labour alone.



## CETUS THE SEA MONSTER

### A Great Constellation in the Evening Sky THE NEAREST VISIBLE STAR

By the C N Astronomer

The great constellation of Cetus is now rising in the south-east of an evening and occupies a very large area of the sky to the south-east of the Great Square of Pegasus, extending down to the horizon.

Though popularly known as the Whale, Cetus actually represents the mythological Sea Monster which was sent by Neptune to devour Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia. In consequence of Neptune's jealousy Andromeda had been chained to a rock to await her fate.

This story, one of the oldest in existence, has a hero in the person of Perseus, who, flying from afar on his Winged Horse Pegasus, arrives just in time to save Andromeda. Cetus becomes petrified and is literally turned to stone, while Andromeda becomes the bride of Perseus. Thus the story is perpetuated in the evening sky.

#### A Great Yellowish Sun

Cetus the largest of the constellations may be identified readily by finding the four stars Theta, Eta, Tau, and Zeta, which are arranged in the easily remembered form shown in the star-map; the first three are of third magnitude and Zeta a little less. The second-magnitude Beta will be obvious to the right, while the other chief stars of Cetus, to which has been added Alpha-in-Pisces to help exact identification of the wonderful Mira when it appears, will be easily found.

Alpha-in-Cetus, situated at the Nose of the Monster, is a great yellowish sun radiating some 200 times more light and heat than our Sun, but from 9,400,000 times farther away. Seen through field-glasses a faint bluish companion may be seen apparently very near, though this star may only be seen in the line of sight and may not be connected with Alpha. Gamma is composed of two suns which are travelling together toward the south-west, while the smaller sun may be slowly revolving round the large yellow sun. They are 4,240,000 times farther away than our Sun.

Beta, the brightest star in Cetus, is at its Tail. It is a giant reddish sun 3,920,000 times farther away than our Sun, its light taking 62 years to reach the Earth.

Tau is now of particular interest, for it is the nearest star visible of an evening to the naked eye from the latitude of Britain, being only 654,000 times farther than the Sun; but, of



The chief stars of Cetus

course, when Sirius comes into view, soon after midnight, that star will be the nearest, being only 553,780 times farther than our Sun. Tau is a much smaller sun than ours, its light taking 10 years and 4 months to reach us.

The light from Theta takes 32½ years. This is a larger sun, radiating nearly three times more than our Sun; while the light from Eta, a much larger sun, takes 99 years to reach us. Zeta, the remaining star of this splendid group, has been found by the spectroscope to be composed of two suns which revolve in 16½ days round a central point between them.

Mira, the wonderful sun which will soon be seen to be blazing up into a bright star, will be dealt with later; at present it appears very faint. G. F. M.

## CHAIRS

How many chairs there are. We have armchairs, occasional chairs, deck chairs, rocking chairs, basket chairs, bath chairs, invalid chairs, and dentist's chairs.

Today there are metal chairs in modern homes; but the chairs made or designed by Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Chippendale are still treasured for their beauty and for the charm of fine craftsmanship.

At Rochdale we have seen the tiny chair that was made for John Bright when he was two. The chairs on which Tolstoy and Dickens sat writing day after day are still preserved; and at Lyme Hall in Cheshire we have sat on chairs with a covering said to have been made from the cloak Charles Stuart wore in his last hour.

The thrones of kings, however high and mighty, are only chairs. At Westminster we may see the famous Coronation chair with its famous stone from Scone. The stalls in our churches are among the most beautiful chairs we have, some of stone, and many carved oak with grotesques and faces and animals and angels in rich and quaint profusion. In a few of our churches are sanctuary chairs, relics of the days when a criminal found forty-days grace if once he sat in these seats of safety.

#### Give Dayrolles a Chair

Stools are only the poor relations of chairs—the camp-stool, milking-stool, piano-stool, and the famous stool which set all Scotland in an uproar when Jenny Geddes threw it in church one Sunday in 1637. If there is neither chair, stool, nor buffet handy, a barrel or a box will do to sit on; and at the door of a little shop in Fleet Street, in the heart of London, is a barrel on which Dr Johnson used to sit, talking like Socrates. It was Dr Johnson's Lord Chesterfield who, polite to the last, died saying, "Give Dayrolles a chair."

A solemn moment it was at the Welsh Eisteddfod in 1917 when the name of Hedd Wyn was called again and again; but no young man appeared to sit in the bardic chair as the writer of the finest poem of the year. It was whispered that he had been killed in Flanders a few days before, and where he should have sat while the people cheered stood only an empty chair draped in black.

#### The Barber's Chair

A happier story comes to us of a barber's chair. It was the chair in which a customer, whom the barber had not seen before, sat down one day when there were many others waiting to be shaved. The assistants had to hurry off to appointments to prepare ladies and gentlemen for the great ball in the evening; but the new customer suddenly brushed aside the towel, snatched up a scrap of paper, and began writing. Minute after minute went by, and still he scribbled, the barber becoming more and more vexed. Then the customer jumped up and ran out of the shop without his shave, without paying a son, and taking with him the list of appointments for the day.

The barber was beside himself with rage and disappointment, but a customer said, "Do you know who has been sitting in your chair? He was Victor Hugo, and he has written a poem in your shop."

And ever after that the barber would tell the story with pride, pointing to the chair and saying, "Look! Here sat Victor Hugo! In this chair! He wrote a poem in my shop!"

## WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

### If it is Next Week

Sept. 20. Robert Emmet executed at Dublin 1803  
21. J. L. McAdam, roadmaker, born at Ayr 1756  
22. Dr Busby, schoolmaster, born at Lutton 1606  
23. Wilkie Collins died in London 1889  
24. Dean Milman, historian, died at Ascot 1868  
25. Mrs Hemans born at Liverpool 1793  
26. Body of Columbus moved to Spain 1893

#### A Famous Headmaster

Dr Richard Busby, headmaster of the famous Westminster School, is most frequently remembered for his stern use



Dr Busby of Westminster School

of the birch. But he was more than a terror to evil-doers: he was a sound scholar, and remarkably successful in training boys who became notable men.

At one time there were sixteen bishops alive who had been his pupils. Many of his clever boys spoke of him with reverence and affection after they had left school, and underneath his harsh discipline there was a strong desire to be helpful, and a sincere piety.

His most famous pupils were John Dryden, the poet, who admired him, and John Locke, the philosopher, who detested his methods.

## THE BELLRINGER'S CLOCK

### Made From Odds and Ends

Eldersfield Church near Gloucester has a new clock, for which it has to thank one of its bellringers.

Mr J. Carter is only a bellringer on Sundays and special occasions. On weekdays he is a wheelwright, and he has made this clock out of the odds and ends of his trade.

He took three wheels from an ancient winnowing machine, two driving-wheels from bicycles, an iron-rimmed skittle ball for the pendulum, the steel from a blacksmith's bellows for two discs, and he hammered some old brass into a skeleton pattern for the face and the hands.

These and a few other oddments now make a fine clock for the village, a clock which strikes the hours on one of the bells its maker rings on Sundays.

## THE PLANE DOCTOR, PLEASE

### A Call From the Desert

#### WHAT A CHILD'S CYCLE CAN DO

The C N has often told what the aeroplane, bearing healing in its wings, has done for the solitary places of Australia.

In the wild country between the Northern Territory, North Queensland, and Alice Springs, and in the back blocks beyond, the aeroplane has often carried the doctor to a patient, or a patient to the hospital.

The Australian Aerial Medical Services maintain doctors equipped with aerial ambulances to serve the isolated inhabitants of these places as well as of north Western Australia and the arid regions of central Australia.

The Australian Commonwealth has decided to make a yearly grant of £5000 to this splendid organisation, and the State of Victoria has defrayed the cost of a new wireless installation which will make it far more useful and accessible.

At Wyndham in Western Australia a new wireless base to call the ambulances, and to receive messages from those who need them, has been installed. In connection with the base 30 lonely stations equipped with sending wireless have been installed in the widespread Kimberley division of the State. Each will have a small dynamo, which a child can set in motion by pedalling a cycle attached to it. From these stations messages can be sent on a lettered keyboard like that of a typewriter to Wyndham. Similar bases and connections are to be set up at Cloncurry in Queensland and Port Hedland in another part of Western Australia.

Soon no one, however far away from the towns, will be too remote to get in touch with the doctor.

## THE CROWN OF THE ROAD

### Safety at the Side

Police lecturers, in vans equipped with loudspeakers, are out and about warning motorists who keep to the crown of the road instead of the side, so making it dangerous for overtaking cars to pass.

The obnoxious habit is a reminder of days when all roads were made with a steep camber, so that rain might drain from the centre to the gutters. The formation lingers where old roads have received new surfaces but not new outlines, so that a car, after being left at rest, may refuse to start owing to a flooded carburettor.

The drivers of such vehicles have inherited ills of which horse drivers used to complain. Cabmen and bus drivers used to say that the left forelegs of their horses were always strained and worn out before the three other limbs owing to the animals having constantly to strain to pull their vehicles up the slope out of the gutter on the left toward the centre of the road.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C N for September 1911

**The Poor Little Boy Who is Emperor.** China, with her dependencies, has a population of over 400 million people, dwelling upon 4½ million square miles of land, and the ruler of all is a little boy six years old. State officials really do the governing, but they govern in his name. He is almost worshipped, and even his mother is only allowed to visit him occasionally, poor little boy! He lives in the royal palace at Peking, and slaves wake him with music early in the morning. He has breakfast at eight o'clock, dinner at noon, and supper at six. A merry little fellow, the Emperor loves to play pranks with his Court, and nothing pleases him better than to lead his grave and stately attendants paddling out into the courtyard when rain has flooded it.



# THE CHARIOT RACE

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 9

### The Oracle Speaks

BEING within the shrine neither Philip nor his master could see how that rushing wind had tossed the laurels at the temple's gate, but they caught at their breath when the floor rocked under their feet, as though the temple were being shaken to its foundations.

"The god draweth nigh," Leonidas uttered hoarsely.

As hoarsely Philip whispered back, "Look, master, look!"

He was pointing to the sacred tripod. The darkness was less, or appeared less, for the tripod became more discernible. The wreaths of vapour issuing from the ground were climbing it as before, but now in more volume; and amid them the shape of a woman was forming itself.

The Pythian priestess was ascending the tripod, from the summit whereof she would deliver the oracle.

But not at once. The vapour must first diffuse itself round her, to inspire with the utterance of the god.

Apollo's mouthpiece, she had fasted long for her office. Her body was gaunt, her eyes hollow, her face fallen in.

With paralysed gaze Leonidas and Philip watched her. Of their presence she appeared entirely unconscious. They might have touched her feet had they moved a few paces, and she seemed to be drawing the vapour into herself so that every instant her lineaments stood out more closely.

Then her eyes came searching for them, fastened on them, gave Philip one look, and fixed themselves on Leonidas.

Leonidas shivered.

But the vapour had not worked its work with her yet. It must mount to her brain ere her lips were unsealed by the god. They saw a sudden trembling run through her limbs, her eyes blazed, and her withering locks rose almost erect on her head.

Leonidas and Philip were holding their breath. Apollo had entered his priestess; his utterance was coming.

As white as chalk, Leonidas stretched his ears, and Philip, standing very close at his elbow, prepared to memorise the reply of the god, whose frenzied priestess would sometimes speak at great speed and at other times chant deliciously. But now, while her eyes, which were burning like a hot coal, pierced Leonidas to the very core of his being, in a slow, measured tone the oracle fell from her lips:

*Draw the curtains of the past.  
One is little.  
One was last.*

She had spoken. And on the instant the shrine became blacker than night.

Then Leonidas felt strong fingers gripping his arm, while a voice in his ear bade him tarry no longer, and he realised that their guide, who had come and gone so mysteriously, was standing beside him again to conduct them forth.

So, having groped their way out of the shrine, they passed through the temple, recovered their sandals, and, after making obeisance, began their descent of the mountain; but it was not until they had threaded the girdle of laurels that either of them opened his lips. For the awe of their experience sat heavy upon them.

Then Leonidas turned to Philip and asked if he remembered the words of the oracle.

"I have them by heart, O master," Philip assured him.

"And I. But repeat them to me, that memory be measured."

"They ran thus," quoth Philip. "Draw the curtains of the past. One is little. One was last."

"Tis so. Yet methinks," said Leonidas, scratching his head, "that somehow or other your recital abstracteth their balance. No poet am I, and yet did it verily seem to me that Apollo was striking his lyre. Had I not invoked him as god of song? Yea, to mine ears it sounded as though he were answering in song!"

"How so, O master?" smiled Philip.

"Tis rarely that I lend my voice unto song."

"Yet surely then like the nightingale," Philip asserted, rejoicing that his master seemed more like himself again.

"But now will I venture," continued Leonidas, with a pleased look, "to expound to you the lit and ring of the utterance which Apollo did pluck from the strings of his lyre." Then, having squared his shoulders, the worthy man threw back his head and chanted in a bellow that made Philip jump: "Draw the curtains of the past. One is little. One was last."

"Yea, it ringeth!" Philip applauded, keeping his face straight.

"Of a verity it ringeth. Tis music."

"Yet oweth it much of its beauty to thy voice, master."

"You think so? Then will I sing it tonight to my Hyllus."

Thus saying, Leonidas strode out and had reached the wagon and mare, was untethering the mare when Philip put the question which had been troubling him all along.

"But, poetry or prose, what sense hath the oracle, master?"

"Nay! First, my Philip, do you interpret, and I will tell you if I agree."

"And hasn't thou already made sense of it?" exclaimed Philip.

"The oracle doth ever answer ambiguously," Leonidas responded in a gruff tone. "Yet ever can mortals of intellect draw light from the darkness. So I bid you read the oracle first, my bright Philip."

"O master," Philip admitted, "I make nothing of it."

"You make nothing of it!"

"Neither head nor tail do I make of it!"

"Now, that is strange," muttered Leonidas.

"How strange?" questioned Philip.

But the question apparently missed the ear of his master, for, motioning Philip to take his place in the wagon, he climbed up beside him and drove off without a word.

But Philip, who had his suspicions, returned to the charge. "O master," he insisted, "why is it strange that I make neither head nor tail of the oracle?"

"Because neither do I!" owned Leonidas. "Yet, courage! Nimble Hyllus, he shall dissolve it."

Alas, when they had reached the home-stead of Hyllus, and after Philip had been sent off to bed, though they cudgelled their brains till the water-clock revealed midnight, neither Hyllus, much groaning, nor his persevering dame Nausicaa succeeded in digging down to the oracle's meaning.

A seer hath predicted," sighed Hyllus, giving it up, "that in days to come inquisitive mortals shall seek to sharpen their wits on an exercise consisting of tracing a word by the means of other words strung

together in sentences. If the seer sayeth truly, man shall name such exercise Crossed Words. Yet verily such would appear to me sport for babes in comparison with the mighty Apollo's dark sayings."

"And to me!" declared Nausicaa.

"Fetch pungent herbs, Hyllus. For of a truth my head doth split with our kinsman's conundrum."

## CHAPTER 10

### Leonidas Takes Courage

WITH a heavy heart Leonidas rose to his feet, and then, on the sudden, his ruddy face shone like the sun. "There is one," he cried—"there is one who will swiftly dissolve it!"

"And he?" stared Hyllus.

"Tis Critias, my charioteer. For vast is his learning. He walketh as freely among the lore of the ancients as you, O Hyllus, among your myrtles and figs."

"Then, good-night to you, O Leonidas. And next time thou consultest Apollo, Leonidas, implore him to strike not his lyre but to speak to thee plainly."

The three exchanged salutations and went to their beds.

Leonidas slept well, for his mind was at rest; his confidence in Critias had relieved his doubts. And immediately on reaching his farm the next day, leaving Philip to see to the mare, he hastened to Critias, and, "O Critias," he cried, with a shout, "Apollo hath hearkened!"

"Hath he spoken you well?" exclaimed Critias, in a glad tone.

"That," said Leonidas guardedly, "is to determine."

"And how to determine? He hath given thee courage, or otherwise?"

"Ah," said Leonidas. "But it may be, my Critias, that your reading of the oracle accord not with mine. It hath ever been known that Apollo speaks with two voices, and it may be that my kinsman Hyllus and I have found an interpretation different from yours."

"And what saith Philip?"

"Tush! Could his tender years read an oracle? Nay, it needeth grown men like ourselves to read oracles, Critias."

"Then I pray you let me hear it, O favoured Leonidas."

"Shall I give it you in song as the god

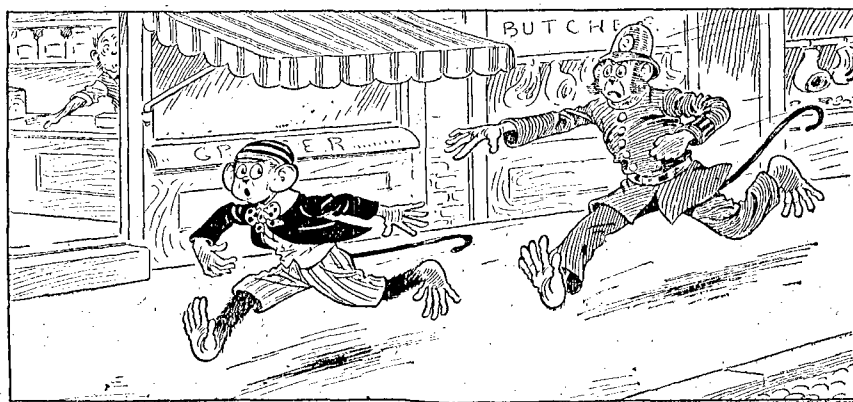
## JACKO MAKES A BAD CHOICE

JACKO took a great interest in all the new building that was going on in Monkeyville.

He was specially curious about some premises that were being put up at the bottom of the High Street. They looked different from the others, but where the difference lay he couldn't say. When he asked his mother what sort of place she thought it was going to be Mother Jacko said, scornfully, "Flats, I suppose," and

enough. And it wasn't like a warehouse. What could it be? And then suddenly he remembered. A police station. Why, of course!

He sauntered across and, pushing open a door, went inside. There seemed to be nobody about, so he had a good look round. He soon had it all mapped out. There was the place for the inspector's desk, and there all the other offices; and there, right at the back, the lock-up!



The policeman dashed after him

added, "As if there weren't enough of them already!"

"Would you like to live in a flat, Mater?" asked Jacko, with a wink at Adolphus.

"Indeed I should not," replied Mother Jacko. "Stuffy little boxes. Overheated, dark, no garden..."

Jacko, who had heard it all before, went out before she had finished. He was inclined to agree with her, but all the same it might be fun to live seven storeys up—he could imagine all sorts of experiments he could make in a place like that.

The new building he was staring up at didn't look like flats; it wasn't high

Jacko grinned. A fine little flat that! Picking up a bit of chalk that was lying on the floor, he began scribbling on the beautiful pale green walls:

*First-class accommodation for the night.  
Free board and lodging for late callers.  
Mind your step!*

Looking round suddenly, he was horrified to see a particularly large-sized policeman behind him, staring at the wall with angry eyes.

Jacko took to his heels and fled.

The policeman dashed after him.

Jacko ran faster; but he had to run the whole length of the High Street before he was able to shake him off. As Jacko said, a near shave that!

gave it me?" said Leonidas, easing his tunic across his broad breast.

"Nay! Sing it not, I entreat you!" cried Critias hastily. "For my ear is attuned to no music save that of the chariots."

So Leonidas recited the oracle slowly. "And now I invite your interpretation, O Critias."

"Say it over again," bade the charioteer, pursing his lips.

Leonidas repeated it, more slowly still.

"And you have deciphered it?"

"Not entirely, my Critias."

"Come! That is better," said Critias, with his quick smile. He paused. "You would have honest words from me?" he demanded.

"None other, my Critias."

"Then, by the seven labours of Heracles," Critias declared, "to me it soundeth a rhyme without any reason. 'One is little. One was last,' he threw out contemptuously. 'Doth that carry intelligence worth an obol, Leonidas? The god hath but mocked you. But how saith Hyllus?'"

"I fear that my kinsman's opinion was much as your own," Leonidas admitted in a small voice.

"But you yourself hath read it," said Critias artfully. "So keep me no more on tenterhooks. Expound its meaning."

And he waited, with an amused gaze.

Leonidas shrank from his gaze, his sturdy frame wilted, and, uttering a loud groan, he threw up the sponge. "Now woe is me!" he ejaculated. "Thrice woe is me! For I find the oracle as a bone without marrow. I draw no import from it. I am undone!" And his head dropped on to his breast.

Then would Critias have recalled, had his honour allowed, his own contemptuous rejection of the dark utterance; for he seemed to have finished his chance of driving at Olympia. Moreover, his heart was heavy for this good man whose hopes had met with such a bad crash.

"Nay, take comfort," he begged. "There be wiser heads than our own. Let me go forth, then, and probe among the most learned, and it may be—" His words stopped short. He was staring at his companion. For Leonidas's dejected bearing had suffered a change. There were no more signs of defeat on that honest red face; the sturdy shoulders were straightening.

"It doth not become me to mock Apollo," he uttered. "For whether or no his oracle passeth mortal understanding he hath condescended in uttering it to myself. For what am I but a poor farmer, yet hath he stooped to me."

Then, raising his arms high above his head, he lifted his eyes to the blue arch of the heavens and cried out in a great voice.

"O Phoebus Apollo, lord of Lycia and of Delos, thou that lovest the Castilian fount of Parnassus, from whom come all the means of mortal achievement, now hear me! I rest content with thine oracle, giving thee gratitude. It may portend good fortune or ill. Nevertheless it supporteth me."

He paused and drew breath.

"And therefore I, Leonidas, son of Antigonos, himself erstwhile a serf, shall yoke my milk-white steeds at Olympia with Critias, his chariot. And even as in the chariot-racing at Thebes did Artemis, and Hermes, lord of the wrestling-ring, guide to victory the embroidered reins of the monarch of Syracuse, so do thou, golden-headed Apollo, lend speed to my wheels."

"Staunchly spoken!" uttered Critias.

And now training for the great event went on apace. Every morning, as soon as the dew was gone from the turf, Critias yoked the four horses to the chariot and drove them round the private stadium, or track, screened from the observation of any chance visitor, which Leonidas and his farm-hands had constructed to resemble the stadium at Olympia. That was egg-shaped, broad enough for ten chariots abreast, and bounded all round by a barrier of stone no higher than the naves of their wheels. And on the inner side of this boundary the chariots would pass one another as they raced their twelve laps, skimming it as they turned; so that skill was required to avoid a crash.

Philip asked Critias how they managed it without accident.

"Nay, not always do they manage without accident," Critias replied. "There is many a good chariot hath come to grief on the boundary, and there are many that shall yet do so."

"Through recklessness? Or through mischance?"

"Through recklessness sometimes. But more often through lack of the art."

Then, after discussing the milk-whites again, "They are sure of the victory!" he glowed. "There is nothing can stay them,"

TO BE CONTINUED



## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

There are many new Courses for the autumn term which is just beginning. Broadcasts of exceptional interest next week will be one on Friday in which schoolchildren are to add to Mr Martin Lindsay's talk on Exploring by recounting their own explorations in England; Mr Bounphrey's introductory talk to his series on The Home; and Mr Wray Hunt's broadcast on Wednesday on Early Man. This last will consist largely of an interlude set in a prehistoric cave dwelling. It will make an interesting contrast, indeed, to Mr Barbour's geography talk on New York on Thursday.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The School Garden and Its Uses: by C. H. Middleton. 2.30 Music, Course 1—Notes of the Scale; and Note Values (1): by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.30 History in the Making: Broadcast by John Hilton. 2.5 The Hedge-row in Autumn: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Dramatic Reading from Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth. 3.0 Concert Lesson—The Art of Haydn (general characteristics): by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Early Man: by Wray Hunt. 2.30 On Naming Things: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 New York City: by G. B. Barbour. 2.5 Your Home and Mine: by G. M. Bounphrey. 2.30 The Face of England: by G. M. Bounphrey.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Canada—(1) The St Lawrence and the Maritime Provinces: by Alan Sullivan. 2.30 Exploring: by Martin Lindsay and some boys and girls. 3.0 Junior English Literature—Camille Prior on The Pied Piper. 3.20 Special Music Interlude: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms: by Vernon Bartlett.

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—The British Isles: by P. R. Crowe. 2.30 English Literature—Colin Milne on John Buchan's Salute to Adventurers.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scotland's Workshops—Carriers: by H. Hamilton.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 and 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 11.30 As National. 3.0 Scottish History—When All Roads Led to Rome: by Doris M. Ketelbey.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Speech Training: by Anne H. McAllister. 3.10 Nature Study—Why the Seasons Come and Go: by D. B. Duncan. 3.35 As National.

## THE BOY SCOUT SHOWS THE WAY

### Teaching the Red Indians

Boy Scouts the world over are indebted to the Red Indians for a good deal of their scoutcraft.

Now a Boy Scout in Canada has been able to teach some Red Indians an old Indian trick.

It was during the making of a film in which a number of Redskins appeared, and in one of the scenes it was necessary for the Red men to light a fire in the manner of their ancestors by twirling one stick against another. But could these modern Red men perform the miracle? No, they could not.

At least not till a Boy Scout had been sent for to show them the way.

### THE APPRENTICE AND HIS WATCH

We hear this little story of a watch and its cleaner.

Mr James Simpson of Dunfermline was 58 years ago a keen apprentice to a watchmaker. One of the jobs given to him was the cleaning of a 200-year-old chronometer. The job well done, he wrote his name on a slip and enclosed it in one of the many cases of the watch.

Seven years ago, then master of his own business, the watch again came into his hands. The original cleaning slip was intact, and he was able to add to it: "Cleaned again by James Simpson, 1929."

Then he learned that the watch had crossed the Atlantic and had been in the possession of a New York family, who have now once more sent it across the Atlantic for Mr Simpson to clean.

## WORKING HOLIDAYS

### With the Austrian Unemployed

At least one CN reader spent part of his holiday last year helping the unemployed men of Marienthal, near Vienna, to prepare allotment gardens, having read in the CN about this scheme started by the Vienna Quakers.

Other readers may like to know how the plan has progressed.

It demands really hard manual labour, and offers in return simple living, good companionship, and the satisfaction of knowing that some small contribution has been made to international cooperation, for helpers come from many countries. The leaders, indeed, speak of the work not as international, but supernational. Last year these conditions attracted 67 visitors from England, as well as some from other countries.

Marienthal is a big village where most of the population used to be employed in spinning and weaving mills. The industry has now almost died out, and most of the men have nothing to do. At first they were hesitant about the idea of making allotments out of waste land, but the Vienna Quakers knew that this had been done successfully over and over again in England, and they appealed to English students to come over and help, to show that Christianity was a practical religion and one which took no account of racial differences.

### Gardens For Fifty Families

So much were the Austrians impressed that they soon joined in wholeheartedly, and eventually formed themselves into a Society of Allotment Garden Holders which aims at providing gardens for about 50 families and a common area for the growing of cereals. Herbs are also to be grown, as it will be possible to sell these.

The ground was well dug last year, and this year has been cultivated. The first English campers arrived in the middle of June; since then have come Americans, an Irishman, a Chinese, an Egyptian, and a Jamaican. Most of their time has been spent in levelling a field rented this season and making a raised bank alongside a stream to prevent flooding.

### ? AND !

### A Victor Hugo Film

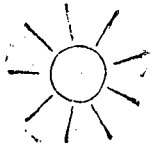
Victor Hugo's great sea novel The Toilers of the Sea is to be filmed in the setting where he wrote it, the Channel Islands.

The work, representing the eternal struggle between the mighty will and courage of little Man and the immense, remorseless forces of Nature, has no superior of its kind, and one chapter, that in which Gilliat the hero battles with the storm, too mighty in its titanic detail for the ordinary stage, should make a wonderful scene as the camera can represent it. As written it is one of the most tremendous pictures in literature.

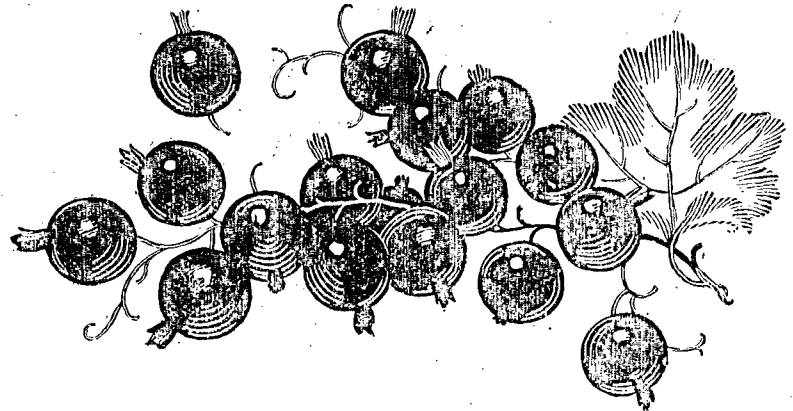
Hugo had reason to know Guernsey, where the book is to be filmed, for he lived in exile there for nearly twenty years, the mightiest genius of France, whose humanitarian principles and passion for liberty were intolerable to Napoleon the Third, whom he lashed in his book Napoleon the Little. It was while he was an exile under the British flag that he wrote The Toilers, as well as his masterpiece Les Misérables.

Philosopher as he was, he yet yearned for the success of his literary endeavours. Isolated from Paris, he could not learn how the great novel fared. At last he wrote a letter to his publisher seeking information. The letter consisted merely of a note of interrogation?, and his ready-witted publisher, assured of the triumph of the book, replied as briefly with a note of exclamation!

## Thirsty days



hath September... but—



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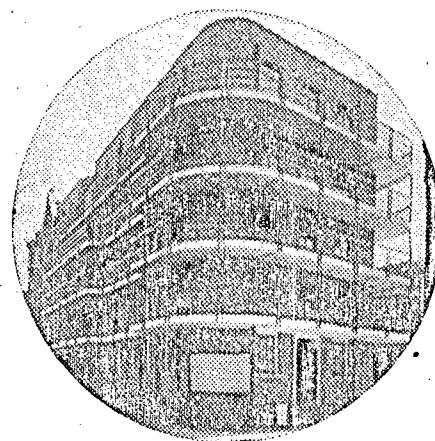
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## SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES IN THE INFANTS HOSPITAL!



THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.  
Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL  
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

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We consider this the finest offer we have ever made. It includes the largest "three-cornered" stamp yet issued; a ruled duplicate book in which is incorporated a perforation gauge; 36 different stamps, which include sets, modern and old issues, Bohemia, Australasians, pre-War Canada, and a genuine Greece (head of Hermes); also a packet of stamp hinges, gummed set of Titles of Countries, and, finally, an invaluable pair of metal Stamp Tweezers. Send to-day 2d. postage, requesting approvals.

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## Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

### Hugon's 'ATORA' *The Good* BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from — Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester;

#### RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'  
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.  
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

(Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.)



# "Kargo" or Card Golf

Kargo as a card game has an individuality all its own, a novelty, a freshness and an interest that never fail. It can be played by two, three or four players; there are all the hazards of golf; all the thrills of driving from the tee and putting on the green, of being bunkered or stymied, and yet you never leave your own home.

The pack consists of 53 cards, helpful hints explaining the play being given where necessary, so that the game can be played easily without constant reference to the rules. A round of card golf can be enjoyed at any time, in any weather, in any place. You don't need to know anything about golf—just a few simple terms to understand and a rattling good card game is yours to command.

Kargo is a game of golf in which there is no club subscription, no lost ball, no clubs to buy, but one small initial outlay of 2/6, and no further expense, no matter where you play or how often.

## A CARD GAME WITH A NEW THRILL

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World Distributors:  
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# BUY "KARGO"

# TODAY



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 19, 1936

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Rebus

THERE'S plenty of water, you'll all of you say;  
And minus the h, a thing used every day;  
And here's a nice beverage; put them together—  
What is it with claws, but with never a feather? *Answer next week*

### This Week in Nature

THE herald moth is on the wing. This moth is so named because it appears in autumn and is supposed to herald the coming winter. It is conspicuously coloured, the upper wings being of a soft brown-grey lightly tinged with rust-red, and the lower wings and body of greyish-brown. It is a lover of buildings and attempts to enter houses. This moth, however, is not destructive and does no damage to clothes or furs when in the house. It remains in flight until the end of this month and then hibernates.

### Which, Indeed?

LITTLE Bill was always asking questions.

One day when Father was grappling with his income-tax return Bill approached.  
"Yes, my son?" asked Father.  
"Which one of the twins do you think looks most alike?" Bill demanded.

### Ici on Parle Français



Le cochon La queue La porcherie  
pig tail sty

Tous les petits cochons dans la porcherie ont une drôle de queue en tire-bouchon.

All the little pigs in the sty have funny curly tails.

### Transposition

How sweet or cutting do we prove,  
We bind or loosen chains of love.

Upon the head next place the tail,  
Then thousands I have caused to wail;  
And sometimes I've been used to close

A breach which from my first arose—  
Vain thoughts! which do not so far reach,  
As think I'd make a wider breach.

*Answer next week*

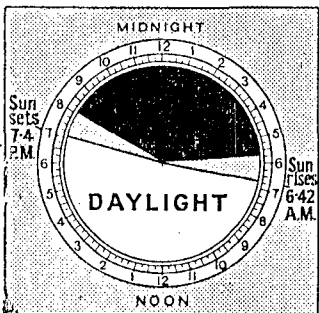
### A House Built of Salt

HOUSES built of rock are common, but those of another kind of rock—rock-salt—will not be so popular.

A house in Texas has been made entirely of this mineral, and 20 tons of it, which had been brought from a mine 700 feet deep, were used in the building. After having had two inches of rain on it in a few days experts predicted that the house would withstand the elements for two years.

Rock-salt is also known as halite, a name suggested by the Greek word which meant salt.

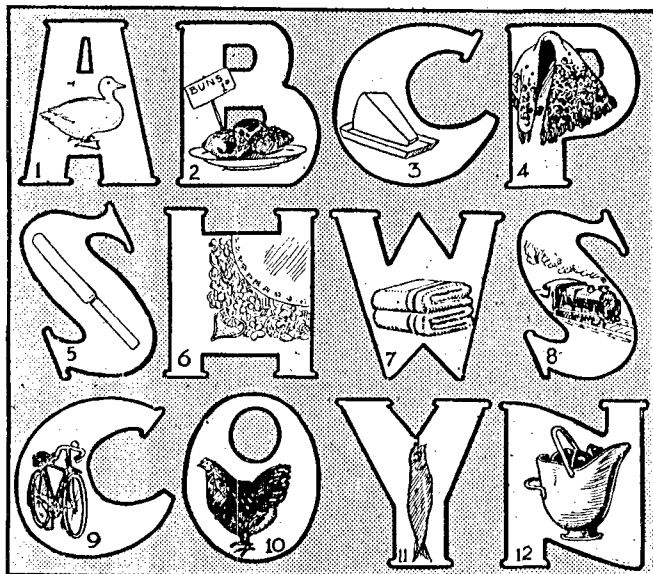
### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on September 19. The daylight is now getting shorter each day.

## WHAT PLACES ARE THESE?

Two Ten-Shilling Prizes and Twenty Fountain Pen and Pencil Sets For Girls and Boys



TWELVE place names are represented by the pictures above. Only the initial letter of each is given, but the little picture on each letter shows something which is usually associated with the place. For instance, Number 9 is Coventry, bicycles.

Two prizes of ten shillings each and twenty Fountain Pen and Pencil Sets are offered for the correct or nearest correct lists sent in. In case of ties the prizes will be awarded to the senders of the best-written and neatest lists, and age will be taken into account.

Write on a postcard and number the list as in the pictures above, add your name, address, and age, and post the card to CN Competition No. 9, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Friday, September 25.

This competition is open to girls and boys of 15 or under. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final. Families connected with the Amalgamated Press may not compete.

### How Portugal Got Its Name

PORTUGAL is a name which comes from *Portus Cale*. That was the name given by the Romans to the ancient city of Oporto. It meant "the port Cale," and from it the name of the whole country has sprung. The Portuguese call their country Portugal.

### Education

MR NEWBICH had been asked to distribute prizes at the local school and during his speech he dwelt on the benefits of education. "What a wonderful thing is education!" he said. "Now, take arithmetic. If we are educated we know that two twos make four, that four fours make sixteen, that nine nines make—and then there's history..."

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South-East, and Venus and Mercury are in the West. In the morning Mars is in the South-East. The Moon is shown here as it may be seen looking South at 7.30 a.m. on Sunday, September 20.

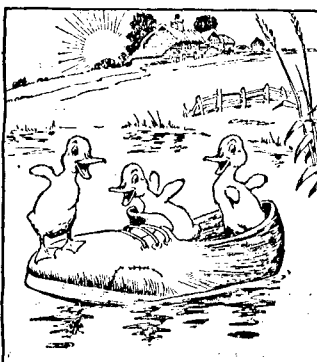


### Those Who Come & Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to August 29 are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1936	BIRTHS 1935	DEATHS 1936	DEATHS 1935
London	4955	4894	2886	2944
Glasgow	1593	1625	955	883
Liverpool	1391	1380	630	705
Birmingham	1298	1274	637	688
Belfast	692	707	375	368
Leeds	601	596	382	405
Edinburgh	553	511	374	357
Newcastle	447	410	241	249
Nottingham	391	358	186	209
Cardiff	298	268	141	152
Southampton	247	212	126	105
Lincoln	75	85	58	46

### Life on the Ocean Wave



SAILING'S quite easy, we understand, Though we never before went to sea. Still, don't let's get too far away from land, For we mustn't be late home for tea.

### Beheaded Word

At first, when seen, I odd appear  
In every person's eye,  
But make me less I'll prove quite clear  
I'm even as a die.  
Diminish me a little more,  
You'll find you then expose  
What brings the days of rich and poor  
Completely to a close.

*Answer next week*

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Transposition. Plump, plum, lump.  
Hidden Flowers. Rose, violet, daisy, anemone.

### Beheading. Fox, ox, x.

What is This Bird's Name? The letters taken away are those shown in black, which spell PTARMIGAN—Sport, Trail, Taint, Cover, Smash, Hoist, Grace, Coats, Spend.

### The CN Cross Word Puzzle

TASTE SIB ACTOR  
PEALS SCUB HARE  
AXELS FEEL TIRE  
CLOWN ERUPT  
ASK ARTISAN SUN  
COAPE N GEM NO  
ROOT NITRE OMIT  
ETHER TOE SPATE

### Five-Minute Story

#### One Windy Day

THE road-man swept up the leaves on Church Hill every afternoon, and the children would meet him as they came home from school.

The cheeky ones kicked their way through the neat little heaps he had made in the gutter ready to shovel into his barrow.

Timothy thought it was a shame when the poor man worked so hard. He liked to stand close to the barrow and watch the leaves sink down when another shovelful was flung on top.

One chilly and very windy afternoon he was allowed out of school early because it was growing dark and he had a lonely walk home.

The road-man was not to be seen. His piles of leaves were being blown round and round and all over Church Hill. The wind blew harder and harder and presently there were no piles left.

Timothy picked up the brush and swept for all he was worth. When he had a neat heap the leaves began to blow all over the road again, so he shovelled them into the barrow.

Still the wind blew. It took the leaves from the barrow and whirled them round Timothy's head.

He lifted the handles and wondered if he could push the barrow down the hill, and empty the leaves into a shed in an old lady's garden, as the road-man sometimes did.

Off he set at a little trot.

Wobble, wobble went the barrow. A gust of wind blew him round the corner. Down the hill trotted Timothy, going wobble, wobble, faster and faster every minute.

Surely something big and green lay across the road at the foot of the hill!

Timothy stared, but he could not be sure, for the wind had blown some dust in his eyes and made them water.

Faster, faster went the barrow, with Timothy behind.

Then bump! What a jerk! Crash into an old elm tree which had fallen across the road in the gale went Timothy!

He shot into the air, turned a somersault, and landed flop on something soft on the other side of the trunk.

"Ouch!" puffed the road-man's voice. "And what do you think you're doing, young man? Wasn't the old elm big enough to see? I'm sitting here out of the wind," he explained, "waiting for the gang to come to move it away."

Then he saw the barrow and how Timothy had tried to help. He was very grateful, and said Timothy should help again another afternoon.

And so he did.



GET THE  
NIGHTLY  
EUTHYMOL  
HABIT

If you go to bed without brushing your teeth, you run the risk of bad teeth sooner or later. Keep your teeth clean and they will last you all your life. There is no better means of protection than cleaning them every morning and evening with

**Euthymol**  
TOOTH PASTE

KILLS DENTAL DECAY  
GERMS IN 30 SECONDS



Fill in the coupon below and a sample tube will be sent to you free of all cost. It will last a week.

**COUPON** To Euthymol Dept. 81/64, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1

Please send me a week's free sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

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